

Sports Illustrated

MAY 31, 1971 60 CENTS

YEAR OF THE HOT ONES

Hottest of all, Oakland's Vida Blue





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You'll hear

MEMOREX Recording Tape
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Letting the kids have the car is one thing. Getting it back is another.

The family car. If it never drives you anywhere, it'll drive you crazy. Or rather, your kids will drive you crazy driving it here, there, everywhere and anywhere but where you want to be going.

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We're GMAC. General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

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Right where you buy. Quickly. With con-

sideration. At a cost you can live with. Anywhere in the country.

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GMAC
FINANCING

We un-complicate things

In your own best interest—always remember, the most economical way to buy on time is to pay down as much as you can and pay the balance as soon as you can.

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Next week

THE FASTEST INDY of all time is in prospect as some swift Young Turks take on the established stars of the Brickyard in this year's 500. Robert Jones will be on hand.

NBA-ABA ALL-STARS will settle which league has the better top players when they meet in the Astrodome on Friday—if the owners, who could stop it, let the game go on.

THE HIMALAYAS are a high goal in the new holiday travel rage—trekking. Jeanette Bruce explores their fogged joys in an hilarious trek that is always more up than down.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A few years ago Ellington White, author of the article on largemouth bass fishing (page 49), requested a rather unusual assignment. For a ridiculously modest sum, he said, he could build a 3½-acre pond on his 50-acre farm near Gambier, Ohio, stock it with bass and write an article telling our readers how they, too, could find angling paradise right in their own backyards. All White said he needed was "seed money," a few hundred dollars that would be supplemented by federal funds administered by the county government, which was willing to help with such worthy recreational ventures.

It sounded like a good idea at the time—still does, for that matter—so we became the first magazine ever to pay a writer to dig a hole in his backyard. Then we sat back to await results. We were still sitting and waiting last week, trying hard to believe fisherman White had not lured us deftly and hooked us hard, when curiosity finally got the better of us, and we asked him what had happened to our investment.

Well, he said, he was extremely sorry about that, but he had meant well. And he gave us the whole story. He had begun by making an application to the county, then getting his soil tested for clay content. This is done by a process known as back-hoeing, which leaves sizable marks in the land, if not the owner's pocketbook. Anyhow, White's soil tested out fine, his application was approved and he then went looking for a contractor to give him an estimate of the cost of excavating his bass pond.

In a scene of the sort that must have inspired Eric Hodgins to write *Mr. Backhoes Builds His Dream House*, the contractor looked over the land, kicked a few dirt clods and allowed as how the job ought to run about \$1,500. Slightly taken aback (his \$1 advance, he suddenly realized, really had been

ridiculously modest), White gave the contractor the go-ahead. But since it would be late fall before he could begin excavating—the pond needed a liner of grass, and late fall was beyond the growing season—White agreed to wait until the following spring.

By spring, however, the contractor was less interested, so White had to start the process all over again. This included making another application to the county (but not, fortunately, another round of back-hoeing) and lining up a new contractor. The application was approved, and White found a taciturn Amish man whose estimate of about \$1,000 won him the job. As luck would have it, that turned out to be a very wet spring in Ohio, and the new contractor kept delaying the work until somehow it was too late again and another year had been missed. White surveyed his back-hoeing scars and sighed.

That winter the literary magazine on which White was an editor, *The Kenyon Review*, ceased publication, so White left his Gambier farm and moved with his wife and three children to the banks of the James River in Virginia, his native state. There he is working on a novel, teaching at Virginia Commonwealth University and comforting himself with periodic sessions of fly rod-dog on nature's own bass ponds, which abound in the area.

Meanwhile, if the gentleman now living on that 50-acre spread near Gambier, Ohio is wondering what those holes in his backyard are for, we've been asked to say they aren't for anything. They're called back-hoeing holes, see, and . . .

Rich Munn

THE GRASS IS GREENER AT

Arlington Park

WIN \$ 5.00	ODDS 5-1	POST TIME 2:00 PM
PLACE \$ 3.00	4-1	
SHOW \$ 2.00	3-1	

Not only do we have the finest turf course between the east coast and California, but ARLINGTON PARK is mighty special in a multitude of other ways. As a matter of fact, if you will excuse our bragging a bit, there just isn't any place quite like it anywhere.

We are big (one of the four largest tracks in the world), gorgeous (the elegant Classic Club seats 2,000 for sumptuous luncheons), and SUPER exciting (the best thoroughbreds fighting for hundreds of thousands of dollars, including the \$100,000 PONTIAC GRAND PRIX, \$100,000 AMERICAN DERBY, B. F. LINDHEIMER and \$100,000 ARLINGTON-WASHINGTON FUTURITY).

We can handle crowds of up to 60,000 in air-conditioned comfort. We can stable 2,200 horses and we have parking for 22,000 cars. The North Western Railroad stops right at the track and, once inside, there is dining in the Mid-America and Futurity rooms as well as the Classic Club or roast beef sandwiches and ice cream cones at concession stands spotted throughout the second through fifth floors.

Fifty-five closed circuit television monitors carry all the action in color if you do not want to venture outside and we have brand new selling machines and a big fat computer that will make your visit to ARLINGTON PARK a pleasure.

For the ladies we have fashion shows by Muriel Mundy on Wednesdays in the Classic Club, or talk to your favorite jockeys and trainers in pre-race shows each Tuesday and Thursday at 1:00 p.m. The kids might like to join our Railbird Club, which meets - FREE - at trackside from 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m. each Saturday morning.

Then there is Open House on June 6th AND but you get the idea!

THINK GREEN!



POST TIME 2:00 P.M.
Racing now through
August 23rd



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The plane with



Coach Lounge.

No matter where you've been in the world, you've never gone in comfort like this. From our spacious new Coach Lounge, with its stand-up bar, all through the plane and up the stairs, to our totally redesigned first class lounge. It's a new standard in flying comfort. The American Airlines 747 LuxuryLiner. First of all, in coach, there's a lounge bigger than most living rooms.



It's a place where you can mingle, make new friends, have a snack, have some fun. Enjoy being sociable, or just enjoy the space. No other airline has anything like it. And back down the aisle at your seat, we've rearranged the rows. So besides getting **more leg room and sitting room,** you'll have more getting up room when you try out the lounge. If you're flying first class, why not call ahead

New 747 LuxuryLiner. no competition.



First Class Lounge.

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You can wine and dine with friends, do a little business, or maybe play some bridge. And a floor above is our beautiful new first class lounge.

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there's an added service. **Flagship Service.**

Featuring Polynesian food. Special warming wagons to keep your food piping hot.

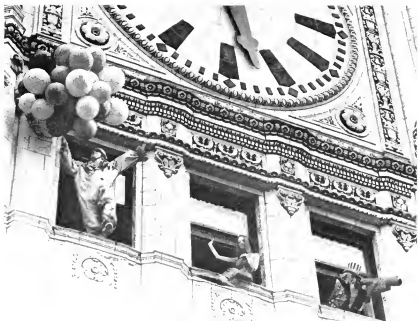
And pretty new outfits for our stewardesses. So if you like going places to see things, this new airplane is something to see.

Every one of our 747s is now a **LuxuryLiner.**

And all of the extra comforts won't cost you an extra cent.

For reservations call us or your Travel Agent.

American Airlines 747 LuxuryLiner



Look out below. Three weeks of Happy Days.

June 21 through July 9

Beginning June 21, savings will be worth more during The Happy Days of Summer — a three-week noontime festival of fun at National Boulevard Bank. When you open or add to a savings account at National Boulevard with \$200 or more, you'll receive a free gift in addition to the highest interest rates allowed by law. Come one! Come all! to the Happy Days of Summer.

Happy Days at the Fair

June 21 - June 25

Clowns! Calliopes! Cotton candy! Games! Prizes! A real down-home country fair every day this week at the Wrigley Building. Test your skill at darts... throwing baseballs... tossing rings. Winners get a unique Happy Day key chain. But there's even more. Some lucky person will win a Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch each day at the Fair. And when you open or add to a National Boulevard savings account this week with \$200 or more, you'll get a record featuring two versions of the catchy Happy Day song.

Happy Days at the Beach

June 26 - July 2

Another noon hour extravaganza in front of the Wrigley Building, celebrating those Happy Days at the Beach. Your Father's Mustache Banjo Band will brighten your day with lively, carefree melodies and if that doesn't work, ogle the bikini-clad beauties who will be giving away chances to win the daily Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch. Your free gift this week when you open or add to a National Boulevard Bank savings account with \$200 or more is a colorful, distinctive 3' x 5' Happy Day beach towel.

Happy Days Around the Nation

July 6 - July 9

See America First! And during Happy Days Around the Nation, browse through the Vacationland booths that will give you travel information and maps of many of the popular and scenic vacation areas in the U.S. Barbershop quartets will be on hand to serenade you at noon and Uncle Sam will be giving away chances to win the daily Grand Prize Happy Day wristwatch. And those who open or add to a National Boulevard savings account with \$200 or more this week will receive a free Happy Day Road Atlas.

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A Shell Credit Card could be yours for the asking.

All we ask you to do is mail this convenient postage-paid application.



* ALL APPLICANTS MUST PASS ROUTINE CREDIT CHECK TO BE ELIGIBLE.

If you just want to look good, don't light it.

SHOPWALK

Beef jerky, a convenient food that a customer can stick his teeth into—barely

Jerky, a sort of protein hardtack, is the kind of food one eats to live, rather than the other way around. It is a utilitarian delicacy with a long and fairly honorable history as the frontiersman's version of the astronaut's convenience food, without the plastic wrapper. Given a fire or even hot sun, a strip of meat can be "jerked" in a few days and, once so dried, weighs next to nothing and lasts, in pocket, pack or saddlebag, almost forever. At any time it can be sliced into eggs, soups, stews or just chewed. (Chewing jerky is an entertainment in itself, since it takes even longer to soften up a wad of it than it does to get wasted on in a New York restaurant.) Finally, jerky is useful for a variety of odd functions, from patching inner tubes to skipping across ponds.

Today, despite newfangled competition, jerky remains one of the handiest foods available for backpackers, climbers and trail riders. It has more food value and is infinitely easier to use than most of the new "outdoorsman" meats—those agitated, dehydrated, freeze-dried, powdered concoctions which, after they are soaked and cooked, still taste like coal-tar derivatives.

These days the hardest thing about using jerky is finding it. There are several large firms that distribute it to retail chains. Among the better ones who will also sell by mail are Hickory Farms, 1021 N. Reynolds, Toledo, Ohio and Paul Devereaux Food Distributors, 503 S. Park Ave., Tucson, Ariz. Some of the best old-fashioned jerky is produced in what amounts to a cottage industry by an Arizona housewife, Mrs. Ilene St. John. Her product, Western Jerky, is made in her own home at 3380 N. Dodge, Tucson, and is sold by mail.

Mrs. St. John became a commercial jerker after running into a bad batch of the stuff four years ago on a Mexican fishing trip. Almost alone among modern jerky makers, she uses no preservatives or artificial sources of heat in her process. She begins with boned rump roasts frozen hard enough for convenient slicing. The roasts are cut into quarter-inch-thick slabs, then salted and peppered. (Her jerky comes in two flavors: mild and hot, the latter living up to its name.) The slices of beef are then spread on racks in a vented, screened greenhouse-like shed outside her kitchen. The Tucson sun in three days does the rest.

Mrs. St. John cures about 600 pounds of fresh meat a month, which dries down to 150 pounds of jerky. In addition, she makes up custom orders in any quantity. Suggestion: before ordering a couple of hundred pounds for your next Everest expedition, send for a few sample packets.

—LYN GILBERT

On the other hand,
if you'd like to taste
the small, mild
cigar with all the
flavor of a large
cigar, go ahead.



White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.



**If our bug is too small and our box is too big,
how about something in-between?**

The Volkswagen Squareback.

It's as economical to run as our little bug.

And just about as easy to park. Because outside, it's about the same size as our bug.

But inside, it's more like our box.

It's almost 4 ft. tall, just about 50% more luggage than the biggest domestic killer.

(Clear twice as much if you fold down its back seat.)

The Volkswagen Squareback.

Not too small, not too big.

Just right.



Volkswagen of America, Inc.

He had the nerve to ask us for millions with only ashes for collateral

October, 1871. The aftermath of the Chicago Fire.

Five square miles of ruins were still smoldering. 90,000 homeless were still huddled along the lakefront.

Yet one of the fire's heaviest losers, Potter Palmer, looked into the smoking rubble and imagined a new metropolis rising. More vigorous, more beautiful, on a vaster scale than ever before. On the spot he appointed himself a committee of one to make it happen.

But how much mortgage money could he raise on a heap of ashes? Where could he peddle a vision?

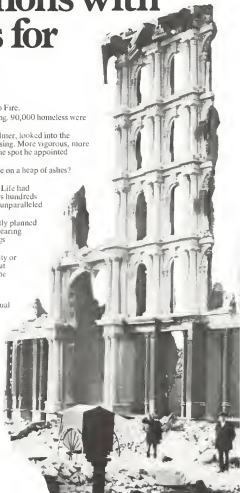
Luckily, he'd heard that Connecticut Mutual Life had loaned two of its Hartford fire insurance neighbors hundreds of thousands of dollars to help them through this unparalleled financial disaster.

So Palmer brought his bold dream—confidently planned and sketched out—to CML. Here he got a warm hearing. And cold cash. Enough to put up modern buildings throughout blocks of the downtown area.

Next time you visit the spectacular Second City or hear the song *Chicago* ("On State Street, that great street..."), remember who helped put it there. The indomitable Mr. Palmer. And CML.

● Today, with the same faith, Connecticut Mutual Life is still investing in America. We're healthy contributors to the fund of two billion dollars put together by our industry for socially critical improvements the country needs now. Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader, also, in low cost to policyholders. Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unflinching for 125 years. Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less.

Connecticut
MUTUAL
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REBUILDING CHICAGO: LIFE INSURANCE AND THE NEW AMERICAN

BOOKTALK

'Camp and Trailer Guide' is the friend in need to a family on the open road

Three or four decades ago, when life was simpler and people fewer, a book like the *Campground and Trailer Park Guide* (Rand McNally, \$4.95) would have been as useful as the Guide Michelin on an Arctic expedition. In those days you shook the midway off the tent and strapped it to the top of the Willys Knight, tied on an extra spare, loaded the baskets and took off. The spaces were still, as they say, wide open.

Alas, the *Campground and Trailer Park Guide* is a book whose time has come. Somewhere along the way we seem to have blinked, and the road map changed like a piece of up art, suddenly we see the dots instead of the spaces in between. Now we camp where they tell us to camp. How complicated this can make things will never be more apparent than when you're out on the road with the car or trailer loaded down with gear, children and sporting hamburger, the sun setting and your wife telling you in her most insistent fashion that she's going to leap from the car right here in the middle of the badlands if you don't find a campsite soon.

That's where the Rand McNally guide becomes such a hargan. It tells you where to camp, how to get there, about altitude, facilities and activities, how good the campgrounds are and where to write for reservations. It sounds mind-boggling, but they've managed to make it very readable and have included up-to-date maps for all areas. Happily, the number of our camp and trailer options have increased again this year—over 17,000 sites in the U.S. and Canada. This seems like overkill—my own road record is 10 campgrounds in 14 days—until you realize how many millions of us will be out there this summer.

Even if you aren't a camper, you'll find the guide a great little wish book. For example, in Georgia there's a spot called Magnolia Springs State Park, just north of Milledgeville on Highway 25. It sounds like a nice place: 1,000 feet above sea level, 948 acres, 50 camp spaces, 25 trailer sites, a daily fee of \$2.50 and a 14-day time limit, with water and electric hookups, tables, flush toilets, showers, automatic laundry, snack bar, hiking, swimming, fishing, a boat dock, launching facilities and boat rental.

What the guide can't tell you is what Magnolia Springs must really be like: soft summer Georgia evenings, a camp chair in front of the trailer, children laughing somewhere, live-oak trees, mistletoe and Spanish moss, sunset and deepening evening stillness broken by the splash of largemouth bass in the lake.

Maybe things haven't changed so much after all.

—MARSHALL LUNDIN

Harvey Wallbanger is taking Bloody Mary's place at brunch.

Even the best of drinks cloy after a time. So more people are switching from Bloody Marys to Harvey Wallbangers at brunch.

Simple to make. Take 6 ounces of orange juice, add 1 ounce of vodka, and then splash ½ ounce of Galliano over the top.

The o.j. gives it the freshness of morning. The Galliano lends the intrigue of night.

Next time, why not let Harvey Wallbanger fill in for Bloody Mary.

Fond of things Italian?
Try a drink with Galliano.



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SCORECARD

Edited by FRANK DEFORD

YANKEE STAY HOME

The German Olympic Organizing Committee has established an interesting set of rules for Americans who wish to purchase tickets for the '72 Games. First, all tickets must be obtained through the American Automobile Association, which assumed the position of exclusive U.S. agent after the Diners-Fugazy Travel Agency lost the contract in a dispute a couple of months ago.

Next, tickets must be fully paid for by July 1971, more than a year before the Games begin.

But here is the real kicker. It is impossible to buy just a ticket. You must also buy hotel rooms at the same time—even if you own a villa in Munich. Your only guarantee on housing is that you will be located somewhere within a 75-mile radius of Munich—and all accommodations within the city limits are already taken. Also, you must buy blind; not even the AAA knows what kind of rooms you will be assigned.

Finally, less than 2% of the 115,000 tickets allotted the U.S. are for the glamorous opening and closing ceremonies. Even if you should win one of these prizes, the odds are about 2 in 5 that you still won't have a seat. The Munich Olympic Stadium holds 80,000 people—but has only 45,000 seats.

It looks like the Germans are making their marks.

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK

From *The Swimming Times*, a British magazine:

U.S. INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS FIXED

In England, it seems, "fixed" is a synonym for "scheduled."

RACE RESULTS

The biggest payoff stemming from New York's off-track betting on the Kentucky Derby and Preakness has been enjoyed by CBS. Proving that people want to watch their money, the New York Derby television audience increased by al-

most 25% over last year, and the Preakness ratings by two-thirds.

The Indianapolis 500 auto race is moving to ABC from the theaters for the first time in eight years, but it will be shown in the U.S. only on a delayed basis. This may be the first time that a local blackout has covered a whole country. If you want to see the 500 live on TV, you can catch it in Canada, and parts of it in France and England.

Y'ALL HURRY BACK NOW, Y'NEAR

Governor George Wallace has appointed Joe Louis, who was born in Alabama 57 years ago, as a lieutenant colonel in the Alabama militia, which means that Louis has an honorary position on the governor's staff.

MAKING IT

In the game of survival, it was a busy week. In Washington, witnesses before congressional subcommittees suggested that mercury levels in fish are rising so high that the whole American fishing industry—not to mention the whole fish-eating American population—is threatened. Still another type of fish, the striped bass, has been found to have a dangerous level of mercury content in its flesh. Autopsies performed on many of 22 bald and golden eagles found dead recently near Casper, Wyo. showed that they were killed by thallium, a poison officials used in the past to work against coyotes and other predators (SI, March 8, 15, and 22, 1971).

Now for the good news.

Elephant-foot umbrella stands, lion-skin spectacle cases, ostrich-skin bill-folds, gazelle-leg lamp standards and all other such "ghastly gewgaws of the tourist trade," as they have been called, are to be banned from the thousands of curio shops in Kenya. It is part of the nation's new antipoaching policy.

For the first time in 11 years, brown pelicans have reproduced in Louisiana, reversing the state bird's trend toward extinction. Nine baby pelicans have sur-

vived two weeks since hatching on a precarious perch on the coast at Grand Terre, and eight of them appear in good shape.

And at Cornell, ornithologists did the pelicans one better by hatching themselves a red-tailed hawk from an artificially inseminated egg. This is the first time men have made their own bird of prey, and could be the initial step toward assembly line production of endangered birds. At least until the laboratories get polluted.

BOSS TRUCK OF AMERICA

When we last left Jerry Malone (SI, Aug. 11, 1969) he was traveling the country with Little Ivy, his 20-ton frozen whale. At the time, he had revealed that his plans for the future included designing the first drag truck in history, which he would take along with Little Ivy to display (for 35¢) at fairs and shopping centers.

Today, Jerry Malone's Boss Truck of America is a reality, and Jerry plans to take it to the Bonneville Salt



Flats this fall, when the U.S. whale-exhibiting season is over, where he will try to establish a diesel-truck world speed record. At present there is no such thing, though Jerry says a fellow named Dana Fuller took a car with a diesel engine 159 mph in 1953. Jerry, who used to drive in stock-car races, says his Boss Truck can top 200 mph. Do not laugh at the boast; many people also said he would not be able to freeze a 20-ton whale either, but Little

continued

The 1965 Ford rides quieter than a Rolls-Royce!



In 1965, the Mustang.

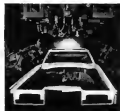
First of all, there's a lot more to creating a quiet car than simply loading it with sound-deadening "goo".

Noise is something that has to be engineered out.

Long before a design for a body and frame ever goes into production, we take a prototype and put it on the torture rack. There we apply thousands of pounds of "noise". If something gives or breaks loose, it isn't considered rigid enough to pass. At that point, it's back to the drawing boards until the design is right.

CAMPWELDS ARE A MUST

When it finally is ready for production, our 50-ton electronic welder takes over. "The Monster," as it is affectionately known, takes the body-frame components, clamps them firmly in a jig and, in 30 seconds,



Welds body components.

fuses them together with more than 100 welds. It produces a body that's firm, solid, and aligned to within tolerances of a few thousandths of an inch.

THOUSANDS OF WELDS AND FASTENERS

Those 100-plus welds are only the first of thousands of welds that hold a Ford Motor Company car together. It's done electronically too, to insure good solid welds. And good welds are absolutely essential to a quiet car.

In addition to its many welds, the typical Ford product also contains more than 3,500 fasteners. That includes nuts, bolts, lock washers, rivets and so on. And in one way or another, virtually every one of them is designed to keep from working loose.

SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

There's even a device called, appropriately enough, the "shake, rattle and roll machine," which can simulate a ride on the roughest road imaginable—right inside the factory. With it, we can test a car for rattles and squeaks before it ever leaves the assembly line. We can check for noise in the doors, inside the trunk, under the hood, inside the seats, behind the dashboard—places like that. It's one more way to help give you a quieter car.

NYLON IS BETTER

Speaking of noise, we cover the floors of our cars with thick nylon carpeting, because we've found that nylon is a better sound deadener.



Thick nylon carpeting floors.

YOUR HELP

Where you put the insulation is extremely important, also. So we use computers to help locate critical noisy areas.

Like tuning compartments in car mufflers, for example, are designed by computer. The same for the special vibration dampeners we've installed at the rear of our transmissions.

The fact of the matter is that every single part of a Ford Motor Company car is constantly under scrutiny by our sound engineers.

BUSINESS PAYS OFF

If there's a squeak, knock, ping, clank, drum, hum, peep or pocket-a-pocketa to be found anywhere in a good design, they'll find it. And when they do, something gets done about it—or else. Their work has resulted in everything from thicker weatherstripping around the doors and windows, to redesigned engine mounts, to improved gear teeth in the rear axles and transmissions.

That kind of thing adds up. It's what quiet cars are made of.

STILL SKEPTICAL?

We invite you to test the difference yourself. We've made a lot of friends in the last five years selling quiet cars to skeptical people.

We'd like you to be one of them. So much for our point of view. Give us yours.

Send us your wants, needs, likes, dislikes, gripes, etc. Your letter will be read, considered and answered.

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The perfect martini gin, of course

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The perfect martini gin.**

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SCORECARD continued

Irvy is still as solid as a rock after almost four refrigerated years.

The Boss Truck is 10 tons of red, white and blue, and chrome. It has a V-12 engine, 13-speed transmission with a 1.85 gear ratio, dual rear end and five-inch drag pipes. The interior, done in Jerry's favorite tuck-and-roll upholstery, includes two private sleeping compartments and a "cocktail lounge." Jerry says, "It's some kind of trucky truck, a real classy chassis." The Boss Truck is so special, in fact, that Jerry won't let it travel the highways on its own steam. It is towed by what Jerry calls the Mama Truck. Little Irvy resides in Old Blue, a handsome truck in its own right. He plans to have them all at the Salt Flats for his Diesel Derby.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Should Canonero II win the Belmont he will become only the ninth horse—and the first since 1948—to take the Triple Crown. If he does, two good old boys down South will be the only ones around to really share in his glory.

They are Count Fleet, who won the Triple Crown in 1943, and Assault, who took it in '46. Since Citation, the '48 winner, died last August, they are the only Triple Crown survivors. Canonero should be spurred, however, by the fact that Triple Crown winners tend to live to a ripe old age.

Only Whirlaway, who died at 15, had a lifespan shorter than the average thoroughbred, which is around 18 years. Sir Burton lived to 21, War Admiral and Citation to 25 and Gallant Fox and Omaha to 27. Assault, who lives on the King Ranch in Texas, is now 28, and Count Fleet had his 31st birthday this year.

The Count lives out his days at the Stoner Creek Stud in Paris, Ky. He is swaybacked and 300 pounds underweight, but considering he is almost 100 years old by human standards, he is in pretty good shape. Assault is a bit senile, yet thousands of people still come every year to visit the old boy. He has had a less strenuous retirement than his Triple Crown colleagues, too. He is infertile and has been spared the demands of female companionship.

THE HOCKEY PUBLIC BE DAMNED

Local TV blackouts of sports events are nothing new, but the Chicago Black Hawks' refusal to let their fans see even a delayed telecast of the final game of

the Stanley Cup sets something of a record for high-handedness at this regard. The reason for the Black Hawk blackout is fairly obvious: Arthur Wirtz, who controls the team, also happens to have an ownership interest in some of the theaters and owns the hotel where closed-circuit pay TV was being shown. The profit motive—or greed, to be direct about it—was the Hawks' prime consideration.

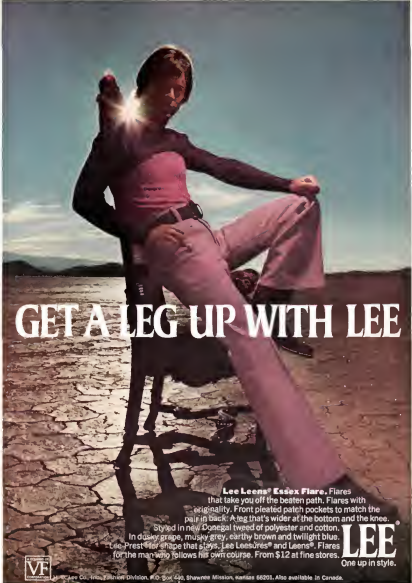
Chicagoans bombarded CBS and the newspapers with protests, but to no avail. Nonetheless, not even Wirtz can be labeled as the real villain. That honor must be reserved for the National Hockey League and its president, Clarence Campbell, who countenances such treatment of fans. Certainly, any team should be permitted to make basic TV policy decisions about the regular season, but playoffs and the championships should be the sole province of the league. No owner or team owns the rights to a championship. In baseball and in the NFL, the league determines championship policy—even, as is well-known in the case of the NFL, with regard to the Super Bowl blackout. Right or wrong, this is as it should be. It is the National Hockey League which let its game be taken from the people of Chicago.

BRING BACK THE '50s

Nostalgia is moving on to the decade of the 1950s. So far, attention has been mostly directed at the clothes, music and TV of that era, but—look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp—now it is open season on '50s sports nostalgia. The National Nostalgia League has issued the list of nominations for champion athletic nostalgics of the era, and the nominees must last week on the deck of the *Flying Enterprise* for the awards ceremony. Your itty bitty buddy, George Gobel, was M.C., with music by Billy Vaughn and his orchestra. All male contestants wore duck-tail haircuts and were dressed in short-sleeved shirts (cuffed), pegged pants and shoes with taps; the ladies were all wearing Peter Pan collars, bobby sox and plaid pleated skirts with cinch belts.

The first award was in football. Nominees were, Cloyce Box, J. C. Caroline, Hopalong Cassidy, Dick Kazmaier and Dickey Moegle. The winner, of course, was Cloyce Box, since he was always the star of the annual Thanksgiving

continued

A man is sitting on a wooden stool in a desert landscape. He is wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt and wide-leg, light-colored jeans. He is holding a small object in his right hand, which is raised towards his face. The background shows a vast, cracked, dry earth under a clear sky. The overall tone is artistic and rugged.

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Better gas mileage? Simple. In simulated city/suburban driving, the standard 100-horsepower-six engine delivers an average of 22 miles per gallon. Less servicing? Simple. One-sixth as many lube jobs and one-half as many oil changes as the leading import. Longer life? Simple. Unitized body, deep-down rustproofing and four coats of electrostatically applied paint. And with Maverick, you can choose 2-door, 4-door or sporty Grabber model—with any of three sixes or V-8.

Any more questions? See the simple machine at your Ford Dealer's.

MAVERICK The Simple Machine

MAVERICK



morning Detroit-Green Bay game, a veritable nostalgia bath. Cloyce had it made in the shade.

Unfortunately, the *Flying Enterprise*, which had been cruisin' for a bruise, began to sink at this point. How's that grab you? Everyone escaped safely, but there was no time to disclose the other winners. Nevertheless, here is a complete list of the nominees:

BASEBALL—Chico Carrasquel, Don Larsen, Dale Long, Wally Moon, Herb Score.

BASKETBALL—Charley Eckman, Bevo Francis, Chet (The Jet) Forte, Tommy Kearns, Jack Molinas.

GOLF—Al Besselink, Jack Fleck, Porky Oliver, Harvie Ward, anybody with a Jr. after his name.

OLYMPICS—Roger Bannister, Tenley Albright, Toni Sailer, the Rev. Bob Richards, Murray Rose.

BOXING—Chuck Davey (unanimous; no other nominees except one written for Dr. Joyce Brothers).

MISCELLANEOUS—the O'Brien twins, Paul Giel, St. Louis Browns, Kid Gavilan's Bolo Punch, Nancy Chaffee Kiner, Jim Shoulders, Toughie Brasuhn, Syracuse Nationals, Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch in *Uncle Sam*, Ernie Harwell's poem about baseball.

Unless it's a fake-out or you're out to lunch, it should be easy to pick the winners. Big deal.

THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Unser, the winner of the 1968 Indianapolis 500, discussing the financial benefits of victory: "It didn't make me the million dollars people said it would, but it sure made my ex-wife happy."

- The Rev. Walter Jessup, after winning his second straight clergyman's golf tournament: "I prayed this morning, but I didn't pray to win. I just thanked God to be alive. You know, the everyday stuff, I've never prayed to win a tournament. I don't think that would be fair. Why should He show partiality toward me?"

- Woody Allen, the movie and stage comedian, on Howard Cosell's role as a sportscaster named Howard Cosell in Allen's new movie *Bananas*: "Cosell was crazy about being in the movie. He's a tremendous hum, a cartoonlike character. He comes across that way on television, too. He's the same way if you're eating dinner with him—he broadcasts the meal."

END

Try it. It won't bite.



How can it? Sail is made in Holland by blending 14 of the gentlest pipe tobaccos on earth. For extra coolness it's long-cut to burn lazily. Sail comes four ways—natural to fully aromatic. One is perfect for your taste. So take the bit in your teeth and Sail.

Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeijer, Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1819. Available in handy pocket pouches and larger size export tins.

OFF TO A SIZZLING START

The weather was chilly this spring but the baseball was oh-so-hot. The Oakland A's and the San Francisco Giants, surprising triumphs of teamwork, snatched their division leads and raced off like rocket-powered thieves. Even more striking was the abundance of individual hot hands—the rush of imagination-grabbing whiz kids, the emergence of hitherto swaddled talents and the heady flowering of established heroes. Maybe the player pool, diluted by expansion in recent years, has finally broken down into two groups, stars and victims for the stars to thrive upon. Whatever the reason, the top hitters and pitchers are setting blistering paces, with numbers like .400 and 10-1 and eight straight becoming commonplace. The most incandescent of these flashy figures is Oakland smoke-thrower Vida Blue (see cover), who has won 10 complete games while losing one, has pitched five shutouts and has struck out roughly nine men per earned run. "When the ball is about to be released," says one awed player, "Vida gives it that 'pop.'" As the following pages show, there are hot-poppers everywhere.

CATFISH HUNTER o. the A's has won eight straight. St. Louis' **LOU BROCK** has been a batting leader from the start, while stealing 17 bases. **SONNY SIEBERT** (1-0) is Boston's stopper nonpareil, aided by the hitting and handling of **DUANE JOSEPHSON**. The Dodgers' **WILLIE DAVIS**, keeping his bat on despite baseball's busiest Afro, is batting .386.





RALPH GARR, Atlanta's cerebral write-in All-Star candidate, bids fair to become the best bush-league hitter since the days of Ty Cobb.



RUSTY STAUB repairs to a room with a punching bag to let off steam after a bad day, but most days he drives Montreal fans wild.



TOM BRADLEY had never opened a year in the majors until 1971. Even so, he has gone 5-3 with the White Sox, thanks to a low 1.36 ERA.



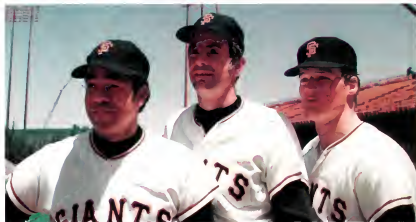
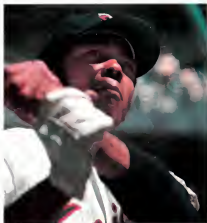
WILLIE STARGELL's restaurant in Pittsburgh's Hill section treats the house to fried chicken when Willie homers. It gets expensive.



BOBBY MURCER has had trouble following in the wake of Mantle. If he keeps hitting .370 he may have trouble following in his own.

HENRY AARON takes second, and in the background, say the Braves, is the world's largest telephone. But Aaron is bigger than that.





A GARDEN OF VERSATILE STARS

by ROY BLOUNT

Consider baseball a garden, bursting out all over in advance of June. Almost all the hardy perennials—Willie Mays (.352), Henry Aaron (14 home runs), Juan Marichal (proving he may have lost a little off his fastball, but nothing off his pride or formidability), Carl Yastrzemski (.313 though he has seldom flourished in cool weather before), Tony Oliva (.384, Tony-O!), Willie Stargell (in the 13th against Montreal he fouls off eight straight pitches, then hits his 14th homer to win the game), Willie Davis (hovering close to .400), Ferguson Jenkins (8-3 and pitching best against the toughest hitters), Joe Torre (.338, the Cardinals' new muscle man)—are as fully in flower as anyone could ask, and more. Abloom over there in the corner are two well-known shrubs that have never before blossomed as they were expected to—Rick Reichardt and Ed Kranepool, hitting, respectively, .328 for the White Sox and .329 for the Mets. And some youngish plants are in their first year of real bloom: The Yankees' Bobby Murcer is going so well that people are remembering what New York centerfielders used to be like. Pee Wee Reese is what other New Yorkers think of when they watch the Mets' Shortstop Bud Harrelson.

And then there are all the exotic varieties. Vida Blue, going like a poppy gorged on Vita-Gro—so brilliant that little attention has been paid to his Oakland teammate Catfish Hunter, unbeatable since the second week of the season. Baseball followers are fast learning to recognize such hitherto obscure flora as Harold (Gomer) Hodge of Cleveland, who has become a folk hero for his Gomer Pyle voice and his game-winning pinch hits; Francis X. Healy, whose pinch-hitting average with San Francisco is .500; bespectacled Chicago starter Tom Bradley, who has been so stingy with runs that the White Sox have trouble

losing behind him; wisecracking Giant Shortstop Chris Speer, who may have the fastest non-pitcher's arm in the majors and who apologized, uncharacteristically, for throwing to first the other day when Walter Johnson's arm couldn't have made the play.

But the fastest green shoot out of the bud has been Ralph (Road Runner) Garr of the Braves, the leghitter *extraordinaire* who has led the National League at around .400 for weeks—bunting safely nine times, beating out 15 infield hits, blooping one single purposely over the head of a charging Willie McCovey and spraying home runs down both foul lines. In the 10th inning with the Braves down 3-2 against New York's Tom Seaver last week, Garr came up with two outs and hit an opposite-field homer to tie the game. In the 12th he came up again with two outs and said, "Lord, I don't want to be selfish, but just let me hit one more tonight." The Lord is unselfish, and that was the ball game.

Garr is always pushing to overcome what he considers a lack of appreciation, an excuse other players have used for dull play. "People always told me I couldn't do something. They'd say you're too small or you can't throw or you don't have enough power. I was drafted way down, and when they came to sign me it was like I was some kind of leftover." Now, at 25 one of the most exciting players in the game, Garr is going head and head with crusty Atlanta General Manager Paul Richards for more than the reported \$14,000 Richards grudgingly gave him to play this spring. "I'm going to get me a lawyer and let him get what I'm worth," Garr said last weekend. "The rate I'm going I think my worth will be fantastic."

Fast bloomers have been known to fade, of course, in the full summer heat. But Garr looks like a stayer, and other players who are off to racing starts this

year have already proved their capacity for long-term growth. Cincinnati's Johnny Bench has his own television show, has had himself declared Johnny Bench Enterprises, Inc., and is hitting as well as he did last year when he was confirmed as a 22-year-old superstar. Rusty Staub, who as *Le Grand Oranger* is as big in Montreal as William of Orange used to be in England, has just been recognized by the introduction of a Rusty Staub wristwatch, and although he sometimes still has to ask a teammate to slap him in the face to get him up for a game, he has been bearing great fruit reliably for his city, which has only begun to thaw out.

From all sides come cries of renewed confidence and powers. Steve Carlton is 7-2 for St. Louis after going 10-19 last year and not winning his seventh until August 30. "Before each game, my wife Beverly reminds me to 'think positively,'" Carlton says. "She has 25 victories written on all the mirrors at our home in eyebrow pencil to remind me of my goal. I'm all concentration now."

Baltimore's Jim Palmer threw his first pitch in a game against Oakland in April and said to himself, "Boy, am I fast." Palmer has lost only to Blue (2-1 before 43,307 in Baltimore) and to Sonny Siebert (2-0 before 33,941 in Boston) this year, and, after all, no one has beaten Blue or Siebert since opening day.

Torre and Lou Brock of the Cardinals feel their hitting has been improved by sleeping on waterbeds. "You can hear the waves," says Brock, who is batting .360. "You feel you're floating on air." Other fast starters are more down to earth. In 1970 the Cubs' Billy Williams scored 137 runs, more than any major-leaguer since 1949. "If I can tie myself in runs scored," says Williams, "I'll be having a good year."

Larry Dierker of Houston, who is 7-1 but was 8-2 last May and then went two months before winning again, puts all this lush growth in perspective. "Last year, I got to thinking two or three wins in advance. Now I know better. A start doesn't make the year."

But it sure does make the first part. "It's always nice to have a good head start in case you have problems later," concedes Dierker. Garr puts it more vividly: "The thing about starting fast is it gives you something to bob and weave with for the rest of the season." **END**

TONY OLIVA (top left) of the Twins has been lifting his left heel as he swings and lifting his lifetime average of .311. The Cubs' **FERGUSON JENKINS** is on his way to a fifth straight 20-game year, and five defensive Shortstop **BUD HARRELSON** of New York has emerged as a slashing .308 hitter. Pitching leaders (from left) **JUAN MARICHAL**, **GAYLORD PERRY** and **JERRY JOHNSON** have helped the Giants to a surprising May lead.

LURCH, WOBBLE AND GOBBLE 'EM UP

Such is the style of Washington's oarsmen, who did just that in winning the Western Sprints on a dazzling day at Seattle **by HUGH D. WHALL**

To the citizens of Seattle, many of whom live on the leading edge of the aerospace industry and never know when something like an SST is going to come along and frighten them, there are at least two big, dependable sources of satisfaction. One is Mt. Rainier, on which nobody is ever going to hang a cost-overrun or noise-pollution rap. The other is the heavyweight crew of the University of Washington, which may be the best in the country. Last weekend both were in spectacular form—the snowcapped peak aglimmer in brilliant sunshine, the Huskies invincible in the Western Sprints on Lake Washington.

There are those who say the Husky oarsmen should wear animal pelts and

swing clubs rather than sweeps. "Cave-man" is the name usually applied to their go-get-'em style. Polish they haven't got, only power, and their victory Saturday over five other Coast schools in the heavyweight eight championship was a perfect example of Husky Primitive.

As coeds from along the Coast hunkered up to the sun, the Washington oarsmen shouldered their Pocock shell across the crowded beach and plopped it into the water. Coach Dick Erickson gave them a parting shot: "Be as hungry as you can. Don't just win; be hungry."

The Huskies had loafed to a qualifying victory the day before and Erickson was worried that overconfidence

might breed complacency. It was just that which had enabled UCLA to upset them in the sprints last season. Came the "Ready all, row!" command and the Huskies were off in their inimitable style—the old lurch and wobble. An uneasy roll of water beneath the boat upset their equilibrium, causing a couple of starboard-side men to have what they call "crashes" with their oars—they dipped the sweeps into the water as well as the blades. But since the Silky Sullivan approach has become a Husky hallmark, nobody aboard was particularly concerned. The vision of white-shirted Washington oarsmen swinging up from the rear is a familiar and ominous sight to rival crews. It is, of course, a dangerous way to race. Erickson would not really mind if the Huskies started better. Nevertheless there are coaches such as Jerry Johnson of UCLA who imply that Washington goes through its act on purpose, that it exploits its come-from-behind reputation precisely to demoralize opponents.

And so the Huskies went scuttling up the 2,000-meter course like a big king crab, with veteran Cox Dwight Phillips whipping them along with his mouth.

Pulling manfully on Lake Washington, the Huskies are a muscular host. Averaging 6' 4" and 195 pounds, they are a coss of power over polish.



They simply overpowered boat after boat and at the halfway mark took the lead. As they passed the front-runner, British Columbia, the Huskies did not even have to increase their typically deliberate mid-race beat of 35 or 36. At one point Phillips called out a 20 merely to smooth out some of the caveman stuff. Finally, as the yellow-buoyed finish line approached, the Huskies put on a blitz. Their starts may be mediocre, but their finishing kick is murder. With the command "headhunter ten!" Stroke Cliff Hurn sucked in a lungful of crisp north wind and upped the beat. In response the shell all but leaped out of the lake as Washington finished with open water on second-place B.C., which was followed by Loyola of Los Angeles, Long Beach, a thoroughly beaten UCLA and Stanford.

In victory the Huskies had the good taste to pant a little bit; after the previous day's heat they looked as if they had just returned from a quiet jog. They had even found time in Friday's racing to take a "checkoff," 50 fairly relaxed strokes designed to polish technique. To complete Erickson's day, four other Washington crews, including the junior

varsity and freshman heavyweights, won their final races. "I couldn't be more pleased," he said.

The Husky coach, who has been described by a friend as "one of the few honest-to-God amateurs I know," is himself a former Washington oarsman. He was a member of the 1958 crew that beat Russia's formidable Trud Rowing Club. By ordinary standards Erickson was too light for the heavyweight boat, but he rowed in it anyway because he pulled more than his poundage. Erickson's love of rowing is such that he will take any opportunity, no matter how trivial, to buff up its wholesome image. This includes his tendency to snatch his pipe out of his mouth whenever a camera lens comes near.

Erickson is always a hard puller. Last winter he joined an amateur hockey team primarily because he likes the competitive fire of the game. When it comes to recruiting, he has the eye of a Rainer eagle. He attends more sports banquets than most football coaches, and swoops in on high school athletes who might have both a willingness to row and a hatred of losing. His present eight is testimony to his scouting.

"We are a very big crew," he says, "but at this point we are not the epitome of rowing perfection." Erickson's men average 6'4" and 195 pounds—big indeed. When courses were generally longer and coaching methods more relaxed, crews often included one or two fairly slight men, but now rowing is a power sport in which a big, if imperfect, crew most likely will defeat smaller, more stylish oarsmen.

The ideal would be a big crew with finesse, and Erickson is trying. In training he puts his young oarsmen out in small shells from time to time to test coordination and sensitivity, reasoning that if they have difficulty in balancing a small boat and synchronizing with only three other men, they will have trouble with seven men in an eight. During the winter he runs a tough conditioning program, and he believes Washington's success may be as much due to that off-the-water work as it is to row, row, rowing the boat. "We are not just a wind-it-up-and-scamble crew," says Erickson. "We wind it up only if we have to."

In winning the Westerns, a less formal, more spontaneous counterpart of the Eastern regatta taken by Navy this year, Washington's eight made it five



Coach Dick Erickson said, "Be hungry."

for five in recent regattas—and nine of 12 over the Sprints' entire history. Clearly the Huskies have the capacity to become one of the finest boats ever launched by Washington. Certainly they will be the best in Erickson's four-year varsity coaching career if they just can smooth off the rough edges. They seem to go faster every time out, and after Saturday's victory Dwight Phillips promised there would be no letdown. "We've got a better race than this in us," he said.

At waterside, Don Hume, who stroked a Washington crew to a gold medal in the 1936 Berlin Olympics, aired a private theory. "It may be only a hunch," he said, "but perhaps Washington is destined to win the Olympics every 36 years—in Germany." Hello there, Munich.

However, there is more immediate business, notably Washington's defense of its intercollegiate championship next month in the IRA at Syracuse, N.Y. It is entirely possible that Navy or another of the Eastern powers will outprime—*or even overfinesse*—the Huskies, but no loser is likely to work out a more ingenuous rationale for defeat than did UCLA's Johnsen at Seattle. Having just come up from Smogsville to the crystalline atmosphere—on that weekend at least—of Lake Washington, Johnsen said his Bruins must have been suffering from "a case of fresh air." Over to you, Ralph Nader. **END**





'WHAT A FIESTA WE WILL HAVE!'

That's what Pedro Baptista is telling his horse, Canonero, on the eve of the Belmont Stakes as they plot to run off with the Triple Crown and complete their stunning rout of U.S. racing **by WILLIAM F. REED**

He is a big colt of copper hue, bred in Kentucky, developed in Venezuela and destined for Valhalla—maybe. Already he has won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, become the darling of America's racing fans and established himself as the biggest hero in Venezuela since Simon Bolivar. Now he is only a mile and a half away—the Belmont Stakes' mile and a half—from winning the Triple Crown, a feat no thoroughbred has achieved since Citation.

Seldom has a horse story so enchanted the American public, or offered such enchanting elements. Canonero, the colt who was first sold for \$1,200 and is now reportedly worth \$5 million, has become an instant celebrity, and so has an astonishing trio of Venezuelans who are responsible for the achievements of their unlikely animal. The three—owner, trainer and jockey—speak no English, but they have brought to U.S. racing a word the turf Establishment won't soon forget: "¡viva!"

"Nobody better understands the phenomenon of Canonero than Juan Aras, the colt's young trainer. "He is a horse of destiny," says Aras, a Latin romantic. "He is the champion of all the people—black and white, rich and poor, American and Venezuelan, everyone."

That Canonero will take the Triple Crown, last won in 1948, now seems likely enough. As Aras puts it, "All we have to worry about next week is a horse we haven't seen. If we run against the same horses we beat in the first two races, Canonero will win even more easily." And that being the case, it should be a relief to some of the country's stuffer horsemen to learn that the men behind Canonero are sound, experienced racing figures by anybody's standards.

"I have a right to be taken seriously, and so do my horse and my jockey and my people," says Aras, whose pride and dignity were offended by the belittling attitude taken by much of the U.S. press and many racing professionals, even af-

ter the Derby. "They say we are clowns. They say we are Indians because my horse gallops slowly, sometimes without a saddle. They come to look at my horse but turn away and wrinkle up their noses. Now I no longer have to justify myself. What can they say now?"

Canonero was bred in Kentucky by Edward Benjamin. His sire, Pretendre, was beaten by a neck by Charlotown in the 1966 Epson Derby, and his dam, Drieland II, was a winner at 3. The breeding is not all that bad, but he has a crooked leg and Luis Navas, a Venezuelan agent, was able to pick him up for only \$1,200 at the 1969 Keeneland Fall Sales. Navas shipped the colt straightaway to Venezuela and just as quickly sold him to Pedro Baptista for 26,000 bolivars, which is about \$6,000.

Baptista, 44, is the owner of Cromia T. C/A (Chrome Everything), a factory in Caracas that produces a wide assortment of chrome products and furniture, including beds for the army. The busi-

ness, started by Baptista's grandfather in 1901, was grossing \$25,000 a year when Pedro went to work there in 1942. Now it does \$1.5 million annually, and is the largest industry of its kind in Venezuela. "I used to work 18 hours a day," says Baptista. "Now I only work eight or 10."

One of the wealthiest men in Caracas, Baptista lives in a *cortillo* once owned by the dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez, who was deposed in 1958. Among the appointments of Baptista's home is his own private discotheque in the basement. A stumpy, swarthy man with a scar on his nose and few teeth, Baptista is considered something of an eccentric in Venezuela. "You will see him in downtown Caracas and he looks like a bum," says a friend. "No tie, no teeth, unshaven, baggy suit. But he probably has thousands of bolívars in his pocket."

Baptista has owned horses since 1950, and at its peak his stable included more than 50 head, but now he races only about six. His introduction to ownership was hardly encouraging. "I bought nine horses," he says, "and none was a winner. That made me superstitious, so now I never race a horse in my own name." In Caracas he uses two hybrid names for his stable—Vaglyape and Glala, both made up from combinations of the first letters in his family's surnames. In the U.S. he has raced Canonero in the name of his son-in-law, Edgar Caibett, but Caibett not only owns no part of Canonero, he has never been present when the horse has run. "I am the sole owner," says Baptista.

After buying the colt from Navas, the first thing Baptista did was name him Canonero. A *canonero* is a group of people singing, accompanied by a small four-string guitar, a gourd and a regular guitar. At the Plaza de Bolívar in Caracas, the corner where the musicians gather is called *el rincón canonero* and this is where Baptista got the name. The colt has been listed as Canonero II on U.S. racing programs because there was an earlier Canonero here.

When Baptista first turned over Canonero to Arias, the colt looked as if he would be lucky to develop into a decent claimer, hardly a Triple Crown candidate. He was small, he had a split right hoof and he had worms. After treatment the hoof took three months to heal,

but the worms were a more difficult problem. "We had to clean out his stomach every 30 days," recalls Baptista. "And I had to get him special food, like seaweed from Australia."

Though Canonero developed into a strong colt, Baptista still did not think he was much of a runner. He was so unimpressed, in fact, that when the colt finally went to the races the jockey that Baptista hired was one J. L. Contreras, a hapless rider who had hardly won any races. "He was so bad," says a friend of Baptista, "that the other jockeys called him 'Willie Shoemaker' to make fun of him." But Canonero, with Contreras up, breezed home by 6½ lengths in his first race, a six-furlong handicap on August 8, 1970 at La Ramonada.

Nobody was more pleased than Arias. Born on a farm in Venezuela's central plains, Arias, now 32, grew up in poverty. His father disappeared when Juan was four and two years later he moved with his mother to Caracas. When his mother gave him money to go to the movies or an amusement park Arias would sneak off to the racetrack to visit the horses and sweep out the stalls for free. Later, when he was unable to become a pilot in Dictator Jiménez' air force, he turned to horses and racing. From 1955 through 1959 he was a student in the government's school for horse trainers. "The idea was to produce some Venezuelan professionals," says Arias. "At the time the top trainers in the country were from

England, Mexico, Peru and other countries." Arias received his training license on July 4, 1959 and embarked on a career that, for eight years, was distinguished by two characteristics: failure and defeat.

"The only horses that I had I got by force, and they were dogs," he says. "It was terrible. I slept in the barns and I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. Most of my classmates quit training pretty soon, and they advised me to quit, too. I guess the only reason I kept going was because I was young and single."

"I remember once a fellow around the track came up to me and said, 'You're not good for anything. Where did you get your diploma from? Out of a box of talcum powder?' I looked at him and I said, 'First of all, I don't depend on you for food. Second, it doesn't make any difference where I got my diploma. And third, someday I will prove that I am a better trainer than anybody.'"

Arias' fortunes began to change in 1967, when a mutual friend introduced him to Baptista. At the time Baptista's stable was in a slump. He put 16 horses in Arias' hands and promised him a three-month trial. The stable won 700-000 bolívars during that time, and soon Arias was training the entire Baptista string. His biggest achievement prior to the Derby came in the 1968 Polla de Potrancas (Prize of the Fillies) when his horses ran 1-2-3 and won a total of

continued



Canonero's team: Trainer Arias, who advocates live pats, and Jockey Arias, the Monster

\$115,000. "That was my greatest thrill in racing," says Baptista, "and you should have seen Arias. He was so *lucu* that I had to get a doctor for him."

A short man with gray flecks in his black hair and smooth skin the color of cocoa, Arias is the liveliest, most visible member of Canonero's party. When he is not working with horses, he likes to drink Scotch, dance the Joropo, swim in the ocean and socialize. He is something of a philosopher about the last.

"It is a natural tendency for me to throw flowers to the women," he says. "It is the oldest race in the world—women after men, and men after women. I am jealous about my women and I am jealous about my horses—nothing else. I find that you must treat horses like women, speaking softly to them and knowing when to give them love pats."

"When I find that I am flirting with a married woman, I apologize to her husband and tell him something like, 'May God take care of her and conserve her for you.' And if I find myself with an older lady, I tell her she has the sparkle in her eye of a 15-year-old."

Arias is more secretive about his horse training methods, but often hints that his ways are different, and special, and that someday he will write a book about them. "I can learn from the American trainers," he says, "but I can also teach them some things."

One tactic Arias admits to is talking to Canonero before a race to psych him up. "Juan believes that his horses can understand him and help him discover what to do," says a Venezuelan friend. "Do you remember the day before the Preakness, when Juan paraded Canonero in the winner's circle? Many people said it was to familiarize Canonero with the crowd and the track. That is baloney. Juan was trying to use psychology on the horse, to show him where he wanted him to go."

After Canonero's first win as a 2-year-old, Baptista and Arias shipped him to Del Mar in California, where he was third and fifth in two starts. "We thought that an American horse should race in America," said Arias. "Mr. Baptista told me on the plane to California that if Canonero won at Del Mar, or if he ran well, we wanted to point him for the Kentucky Derby."

Gustavo Avila, the bushy-browed, taciturn jockey who rode Canonero in the Derby and Preakness, joined the team

on March 7 of this year, when he guided the colt to a 2½-length victory in a mile-and-a-quarter race at La Rinconada. The time was slow—2:08½—but it demonstrated the stamina that has steeled the colt in good stead in his two Triple Crown races.

Avila, 31, is considered the premier jockey in Venezuela, or, as Arias puts it, "He is the ace of spades, the ace of jockeys, the ace of men." He did not get on a horse until he was 13 when, on the advice of some school friends, he entered a school for jockeys. "I was terrible," Avila says now, breaking into a rare grin. "In fact, they kicked me out of school several times because I kept falling off."

In Venezuela, Avila is known as "El Monstruo"—the Monster—a nickname of respect among the chalk players who have watched him boot home many long shots. Over his 17-year career Avila has won more than 1,250 races, including five victories in the most important race in Venezuela—the Clásico Simón Bolívar. He is especially proud of his 1962 record: he won more times (95) than he finished out of the money (78). These totals may seem low by American and European standards, but there is racing only on Saturdays and Sundays in Venezuela. Avila estimates his annual earnings at between \$50,000 and \$60,000, a figure so high that he and Arias can afford to tease each other about their alleged bolivar-pinning.

One night shortly after the Preakness, the teasing began while they were sitting in a bar drinking Scotch.

Arias: "I'm going to change my money into \$5 bills and fill a room full. I will need a shovel."

Avila: "Bah, Arias is too tight. He hasn't even bought me a Coca-Cola to toast Canonero."

Arias: "Avila's hobby is collecting bolivars. He has about five or six trunks full. Every day he drags them out into his yard and he takes the money out to sun. He has bulldogs and German shepherds walking around him in circles for protection. Then he gets his rakes and shovels and puts the money back in the trunks. And besides, Avila, I don't toast anybody with Coca-Cola."

After his initial victory with Canonero, Avila rode the colt twice more, finishing third and first. But then he was replaced by R.D. Guzmán. The theory, according to Arias, was that Avila was

too busy to give Canonero more than perfunctory attention. Guzmán won his first race aboard Canonero, but on April 10, in the colt's last outing before the Derby, Guzmán and Canonero were an indifferent third in a 1½-mile handicap. At this point Baptista began to have misgivings about sending Canonero to Louisville. "We couldn't figure it out," says Arias. "He moved well and he was in good shape. We finally decided it must have been the jockey's fault."

Soon Baptista was on the phone to Avila.

"Gustavo, you are rich and famous now," he remembers saying, "but do you want to be more rich and famous? If so, I will let you ride Canonero in the Kentucky Derby."

Venezuelan racing men thought Baptista was mad to even dream about winning the Derby. "They said Canonero would finish last at Churchill Downs," he recalls. "They said Avila would lose by 10 lengths. They said I was throwing my money away. But I knew what I was doing and that everybody else was crazy."

Nevertheless, Baptista did not go to Louisville himself. Pressing business commitments, he said. And the colt was kept in Caracas until only eight days before the Derby because Baptista "wanted to keep him where I could see him as long as possible." There were unexpected delays in shipping when blood test reports did not come on time from Washington, and then two days of quarantine—none of which bothered the colt as much as his traveling companions—chickens and ducks—on the plane to Miami. "He didn't like the birds," says Baptista, "so we sent him from Miami to Louisville by truck."

Immediately after the Derby one of Baptista's friends in Miami called the owner to tell him the news. "That's a sick joke," said Baptista, angrily slamming down the receiver. Seconds later the friend called back to tell him it was the truth. Baptista began to cry and could not talk. While Baptista was crying, his 74-year-old father came in and asked, "What's happening?" Told the news, he too began to cry. Then father and son went outside, got in a car and drove to the grave of Baptista's mother, where they cried some more.

"They wished that she could be with them," said Luis Efraín Ruiz, a close friend of Baptista. "Then Don Pedro

continued

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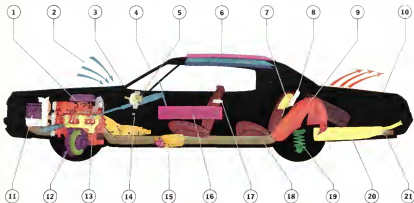
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promised the Virgin Mary that he would build a grotto for his garden with a golden Virgin inside. That is already done."

At the Preakness, Baptista showed up with a lively party of 10 friends, and he remained in Baltimore until the Thursday after the race. During that time he could usually be found in the hotel coffee shop, chain-smoking and mulling over Canomero's future. On Monday, he said, a syndicate of U.S. horsemen offered \$5 million for the colt. On Wednesday the president of Venezuela called to say that his government would match the offer. "There would be a revolution," said Victor Solismo, who is Baptista's accountant and friend. "What we need in Venezuela are houses, not horses."

No matter—Baptista was enjoying the notoriety. "It is amazing to me," he said, "that a black man [Arias] and two Indians [Baptista and Avila] could come here and smash 200 years of tradition in racing. And now, God willing, Canomero also will win the Belmont and then—ay, yi—what a fiesta we will have in Venezuela!"

That should be something to see, judging by what has already happened. When Avila returned to Caracas on the weekend between the Derby and the Preakness, he was carried through the streets. (He also managed to win three races, including one aboard Pretendido, a half-brother on the sire's side to Canomero.) On Preakness afternoon racing was suspended at La Rinconada so the fans could watch Canomero on 100 TV sets set up for the occasion. When Canomero crossed the finish line, the fans were so delirious that they broke all the TV screens.

There is much glory for all concerned in Canomero's achievements, but the man whose life would seem to be changed the most is Arias. Before the Derby he was so little known that a Caracas newspaper could find only one old picture of him in its files. "Now even his fellow trainers will be waiting to cut off his necktie and parade him through the streets," says a friend.

"Ah yes, it is nice to think about," said Arias one afternoon last week. Then he laughed. "You know, in my country, my friends know me as Juan Binba." That means a man of the people, not an aristocrat. When I go back, I will still be Juan Binba. I will still be a man of the people."

To a lot more people, though. **END**

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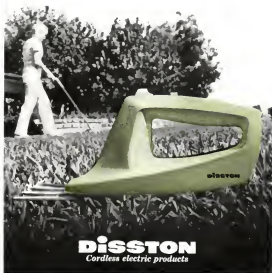
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THE SLIDE-RULE BOYS AT INDY

A couple of college chaps, Roger Penske and Mark Donohue, go into Saturday's Indianapolis 500 with the fastest racer ever to appear there and a faith that science can beat old black magic **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Remember those quaint old days when colleges were enclaves of study rather than revolution? There were two main types on campus in that period: the Liberal Arts Major and the Engineer. The former could generally be found outside the library, draped over a slim volume of verse—poetry so morbid that a single unrhymed couplet had the depressing effect of 25 Nembutals and a slug of gin. Alone and palely loitering, this fellow got his kicks by proclaiming life to be—alternately—a fountain or a dung heap. The Engineer, by contrast, marched briskly past the library toward the lab, his slide rule slapping his hip like a Dodge City sheriff's six-gun. When and if the Engineer stopped to speak to the Liberal Arts Major, it was in curt, quick accents: "You don't like the way things are? Well, we can fix it. Let's see—Pi equals the square root of 5mug plus DDT divided by War and Highways to the nth power. There, it's fixed." Quoth the Liberal Arts Major: "Bushwa!"

Which is by way of prologue. When and if you ever enter Roger Penske's garage in Gasoline Alley at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway—and be forewarned that his security is so tight that you probably never will—the first thing you may notice is a neat sign tacked above the telephone. It reads: "Those of you who think you know it all are particularly annoying to those of us who do."

Aha! The Engineer personified. A quick glance around the garage seems to confirm the diagnosis. There stands Penske himself, not a hair out of place on his charcoal-graying head, not the least fleck of lint on his Sunoco-blue cashmere sweater, not a wrinkle in the creases of his Sunoco-yellow slacks. At 34 he seems too fit and tidy for germs—his direct, unblinking, China-blue eyes surely have never known a tendril of hangover red, his lungs in dissection would doubtless prove pink as a baby's, despite all the engine exhaust he has inhaled in 13 years as a racing driver and team manager. His voice might be Hal's from 2001—a learned phrase followed by another and

yet another, each sounding quite logical but the total a bit too fast for comprehension. Like Lily Tomlin's Ernestine the Telephone Operator, he seems to be saying: "You're dealing with no man's fool. I am a college gradyocute. . . ."

He is indeed. Lehigh University, 1959, industrial management. He is also, by virtue of his highly successful automobile dealerships in Philadelphia, Allentown and now Detroit, a member in good standing of the Young Presidents' Organization. He owns an office building and a Lear jet. He can balance two dozen

business deals at once on his cleanly chiseled, matinee-idol's nose. He skis frequently at Vail. No man gets that successful that fast without discipline, as a further tour of the garage reveals. His men call him Captain, as in Bligh, though with no rancor intended. After all, Roger wins.

From fuels to tools, every item in the garage has its place—and heaven forbid if it is not there when needed. Wrenches and bolts, screws and their drivers are all graded as to size and function. Even if a tool is left momentarily

A GRAYING PENSKE (LEFT) IS THE SPIT.



on a workbench, one senses that it had better be squared with the angles of the table. The car itself—Penske's superbly tuned, meticulously painted blue-and-yellow Sunoco McLaren M16 Special, to give it its proper title—is the centrum of this squeaky clean world.

Like any Penske car—his Trans-Am Javelin, his spanking blue Ferrari 512M, or even the Formula A that briefly led the Quaker race at Ontario last spring—it is lovely to look at. All clean angles and distorted reflections, pluperfect in its polish, ominous in its aura of total readiness to race. Beyond a doubt, Penske's McLaren-Offenhauser is the fastest car ever to run at Indy. That is not to say, however, that it will win Saturday's 500. Too many other factors—some of them named Revson, Foyt, Unser, Andretti, Rube, others random and incalculable—enter into the Indy

equation. But a fast contender is always a magnet, and during the weeks that preceded the 500, the Penske racer was the focus of up to 50,000 fans per practice session and 250,000 for first-qualifying. Hitting a top lap speed of nearly 181 miles an hour—a leap in performance comparable with Bob Beamon's Mexico City long jump—Penske's driver and alter ego, Mark Donohue, consistently broke the lap record of 173.953 mph. Though Donohue ultimately lost the pole to Peter Revson of the McLaren factory team (SI, May 24), the Penske men learned a lot in the process. And since the mind of the Engineer is at once open and skeptical, direct and detailed, it is possible that the disappointment of qualifying day could produce victory on race day.

What makes the Penske car so quick? Roger bends over to whisper confident-

ly: "It's the attention to detail. Take a look at that paint job! Take a look at those polished hubs! Nobody ever did that before." Bushwa, Roger. What makes the car run so well is a combination of superior design and superlative preparation. The M16 reflects the late Bruce McLaren's intention to build an open-cockpit chassis that could take on a fresh engine in a mere 35 minutes, and take the hard raps of Indy without self-destructing. Essentially, the car is a tub (engineers call it a monocoque) with tubular frames projecting from either end. There are two small spoilers at the front and a large wing at the rear that runs the width of the car and is about 10 inches deep from leading to trailing edges. They are in effect upside-down airplane wings; they reverse the lift that makes an airplane fly, and thus force the car down onto the road.

"If you can keep all four wheels on the road all the time, particularly when you're going through banked corners, you obviously go much faster than a car that has a wheel up in the air part of the time," says Donohue. "The wing is only a partial solution to the road-holding problem. If you ran a ground-effect vehicle—a vacuum-cleaner job like Jim Hall's new Chaparral—at Indy, you'd never have to take your foot off the throttle. You could go around the course flat-out. Lap speeds would be 195 mph or so. All we're trying to do with spoilers is come to some point in between—trying to get more down force so we can take the turns better."

Holding these concepts in mind, a Liberal Arts Major begins to sense some answers of sorts. The Penske McLaren's speed is due primarily to a design concept that Roger himself did not dream up but which provides the potential for a grand victory. That hoped-for event obviously depends on the most elaborate of automotive preparations: finding the right tires to go with the right suspension settings and then shaping the right wings to precisely the right angles of attack. And, finally, having the right engineers, mechanics, pit crew and driver to put it all together.

"This is the most businesslike operation I've ever been involved with," says Lupe Lesovsky, the 58-year-old chassis wizard with Holman & Moody of Los Angeles who is on loan to Penske this season. "Roger is an excellent admin-

continued

AND POLISH TEAM BOSS AND THE BOYISH DONOHUE HIS ALTER EGO AND DRIVER





DONOHUE ENJOYS a dune-buggy outing at less-than-Indy speeds with his own driver.

SLIDE-RULE BOYS *continued*

istrator—the sort who has the good sense to accept advice—but Mark is the catalyst. He's a driver *and* an engineer, so he can come in from a practice run and translate that 'seat of the pants' feeling into precise, meaningful language. This helps us make the right adjustments. Mark is a lot like Rex Mays [a big-car hero of the '40s]. You'd do anything for him."

There is an uncanny aura of ESP about the Penske crew; the kind of telepathic teamwork usually associated with basketball or hockey, but on a far more technical level. On the day of Donohue's big run—the practice lap of 180.9 mph—the car did not start right away. "It was weird. Usually it turns over like a passenger car," says Laje. Almost instantly, Woody Woodward, Lesovsky's young deputy, broke out his meters and gauges and had the problem isolated: a

frayed wire between the battery and the starter switch. "This isn't Christian Science," says Laje. "These things don't cure themselves."

Another specialist Penske has rented for the Indy effort is Walter Howell, better known as Davy Crockett, a trouble-shooter from Traco, the engine people. Davy specializes in Offenhauser engines and played a large part in the decision to run with a short-stroke version of the Offy. Thus far it has paid off. The chief mechanic is Karl Kaunhofer, a quiet, Austrian-born craftsman who began his association with Penske in the late 1950s when Roger was racing Porsches in amateur sports-car competition. Cool almost to the point of nonchalance, Kaunhofer displays none of the temperament usually associated with Indy wrenches, but that calm is deceptive. "You actually live with the race car," he likes to say. "I may look like I'm relaxing, but every minute I'm thinking about the car. Even when you are completely ready, you are always thinking, listening, worrying about it."

Even more of a worrywart is Chief Engineer Don Cox. Like Penske and Donohue, Cox is irreverently young—31 years old—and his youthful skepticism is a great asset at Indy, where tradition often devolves into stagnation. Cox is lean, slightly scooped, intense, with short hair and sunken green eyes. A graduate of the school of no knocks ("The General Motors Institute, if you call that a school"), he came to Penske Racing from Chevrolet, where he had a hand in the design of the first winged American sports car, Jim Hall's highly successful Chaparral of the early 1960s. It was Cox, primarily, who developed the wing shape that gives the Penske McLaren its superior cornering qualities. Of course, it is impossible for the Liberal Arts Major to talk intelligently about gearboxes or aerodynamics with the Engineer, but Cox can reveal a lot about the Penske team's psychology. "You see these yellow sneakers we all wear? Sunoco yellow, right? Well, up to about a year ago we had everything else Sunoco blue and gold—shirts, pants, racing jackets—but no yellow shoes. Couldn't find them anywhere. Then this college kid came into the garage one day in yellow sneakers. Roger looked at them and his eyes lit up. He didn't even have to say anything. The kid came from L.A., the only place in America, I guess, where they

sell yellow sneakers. We just had a batch flown in—\$147 for a dozen pair. That's what you call attention to detail."

But the man who best understands Penske, and thus serves as the linchpin of his organization, is Mark Donohue. In a sense, Donohue is an extension of Penske. The two men are the same age (34) and of similar perfectionist temperament. Penske was an excellent driver in his day; he was quick enough to win and he did not break cars. Donohue, too, is plenty quick, though not as quick as a Jackie Stewart or a Mario Andretti. But he is superior to either in his ability to conserve the machinery. He can sense not only his own limits (How deep do I take this corner? How wide do I pass this chain of slower traffic?), but the limits of the car itself, those minuscule parameters of engine heat, revs, suspension loads, brake wear, etc., the disregard of which usually results in "also-ran." Donohue claims he can do this because he studied mechanical engineering at Brown University (B.S., 1959). As a tough scientist, he has only disdain for the heroic approach to racing exemplified by most of the Indy Establishment. "They call it the Establishment," he says, "partly because there is so much black magic in what goes on, especially with engines. One of the old-engine guys says that the thing to do is to run the engine on the dyno in the late afternoon, then let it sit overnight. The next morning you go back and blast it—run it flat-out. Undoubtedly if you let it sit overnight, everything will get happy inside, all the molecules will adjust and all these black magic things will happen and it will be more powerful in the morning." He shakes his head and sighs.

That sigh is one of the clues to a difference between Mark Donohue and Roger Penske. Penske is pure, uncut, 100-proof methyl enthusiasm all the time. Donohue suffers moments of doubt, though he rarely mentions them out loud. He has two little tics: the anguished sigh, uttered deep in the throat and probably generated by exasperation ("Oh Lord, these silly Liberal Arts Majors!"); and a wet, wincing roll of the eyes that looks suspiciously like a small boy's attempt to blink back his tears. The latter clue is most evident when he is running a race in any position back of first. "He blames himself," says a perceptive Donohue watcher, "because he knows how much has gone into making the car mechanically superior. What he does not realize is that there is no me-

continued



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Donohue can go on for hours about the details of a particular accident, as for example the disaster at Daytona this year during the 24-hour race that stripped the entire left side from his splendid Ferrari 512 and cost his team the race. "I took a gamble and I lost," he says. "We'd been set back by electrical trouble earlier and I was trying to chip away the seconds, now that we were healthy again. Just before midnight, coming through Turn Four, I saw the yellow caution light come on. I could see dust or smoke ahead. That was Vic Elford crashing, though I didn't know it then. Anyway [sigh], there was a small, much slower Porsche ahead of me, a 911. My choices were 1) to brake and drop behind the Porsche as we went through the smoke or 2) to back off a bit from 180 mph and drift past him, making my way alone through the smoke and taking my chances. I took the second choice, got into the smoke, slowing all the while, and then the Porsche came up and ran me over. I didn't think he would do that. I was wrong. We lost the race."

Where the gambling did mesh with the preparation recently was in the season-opening Trans-Am Race at Lime Rock, Conn. There early this month Donohue's Javelin blew champion Parnelli Jones' Mustang off the road course and into the mud. And of course it may well mesh at Indy, not to mention the two other big-car 500-mile races in which the Penske McLaren will run: at the Pocono track in Pennsylvania on July 3 and at Ontario, Calif. on Sept. 5. "Things *gotta* go well," says Donohue, with a combination sigh and wince.

Intense as he is on the racetrack, Donohue puts the lie to the Engineer image when he shows up—infirmly—at home. It is a tidy, tan-brick house set back among the ancient hardwoods in Media, Pa. near Philadelphia's Main Line. His wife Sue is an equally tidy blonde who runs both the house and the two Donohue sons with Penske-style efficiency. For their own transportation, the Donohues drive a Javelin, a station wagon, a monstrous Chevy in "gangster black" with fine red detail work, and a metallic blue dune buggy, which was a gift from Mark to Sue and is her favorite tooling-around-town car. "It shakes up the neighbors," she grins. Playing with his boys in the backyard, Donohue drives the dune buggy up onto a boulder so that

one wheel is dangling clear. "Want me to lie down under it?" he asks. Yeah, daddy. Thus do fathers inspire sons to daring.

Donohue is so central a part of the Penske operation, and so much the Engineer, that like most of the others he cannot communicate its human meaning. One man on the team can. He is David Hobbs, 32, an Englishman who is the leading Formula A driver this year and Donohue's backup in the Javelins and the Ferrari. Hobbs is also driving Penske's second Indy car, a two-year-old Lola-Ford in which Donohue finished second last year at the Brickyard. It is a 170-mph machine at best, and Hobbs got just that much out of it in qualifying 16th for this year's race. A tall, loose-jointed, ruddily affable product of Upper Boddington, Warwickshire, Hobbs has easy ways and long hair that drive Penske over the wall. "Why don't you get a haircut?" he snarls—Captain Bligh with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll be calling in Lee Roy Yarbrough any minute now to drive the car in your place."

"I just shrug and chuckle a bit and make like I'm going to the barber's," says Hobbs. "But I never do." Hobbs once drove GT40s for John Wyer, currently the *émouvante* grise of the sports-car scene, and he sees interesting parallels with Penske. "John is also a master of meticulous preparation," says Hobbs, "but it was always on a lower key, not quite so intense. You'd see him there in the pits, well after midnight, rumpled and in slippers, sipping a little brandy in his tea. But you knew his car was tuned to the engine. Roger is just as acute, but doubly intense—you can feel it blazing at you out of the pits as you motor by. Roger never stops. Of course, he rules with an iron rod, but it's not really a rule of fear—rather a rule of tension."

Hobbs pauses reflectively, pondering judgment. "I suppose there is always the danger that a man so deeply involved in machines as Roger Penske might himself take on the qualities of the machine. But I think that is not the case with the Penske team. Man always has to dominate the machine. What Roger is looking for—what Mark and the rest of us are looking for as well—is that the machine does not dominate the man to the extent that it lets him down. No more than that."

It is a reasonable enough answer to an unreasonable question. For once, the Liberal Arts Major really understood the Engineer.

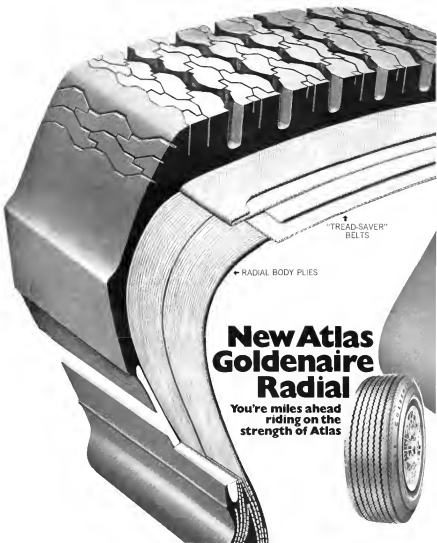
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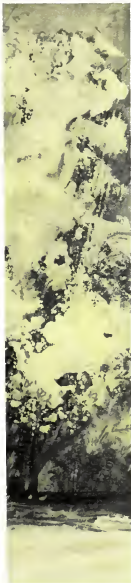
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NOT A PLACE THAT APPEALS TO EVERYONE

But the stump-filled waters and oozy edges of Shirley Mill Pond are a paradise to dedicated bass fishermen—and devoted poachers

by ELLINGTON WHITE

Willowing and gurgling between the mossy stumps, the old plug looked like nothing that had ever swum, walked, flown or burrowed. Most fishing lures are designed to resemble something, but this homely contraption—a chunk of painted wood with metal appendages—had been designed solely to scoop up the water and make noise. Noise is often the best bait you can offer bass. I once knew a man who called himself a big-bass hunter, and noise was the only bait I ever remember him using. In his hands a rod became a fuse which he would ignite whenever he saw a fish moving a lily pad. His explosions could be heard far into the night, competing with bullfrogs and owls.

Bass fishing has none of the built-in music one hears fishing for trout. Even the word bass feels heavy on the tongue after the weightless vowels of trout. Bass is a sullen sound, like the object it names—a guttural noise. Trout are called rainbows, brooks and goldens, all pretty words. Compare these with the names of bass—bigmouth, smallmouth—and you have one of the reasons why fishermen in poems always fish for trout.

The stumps in front of me, moreover, were rotten stumps smelling of moist wood long shaded, a heavy musty odor. They were embedded in five or six feet of dark water, each with a tuft of green sprouts growing from the top and each possibly carrying a snake or two looped among the branches. Snakes in this boggy country seem to latch onto anything that will hold them. Presumably the stumps had once supported a wharf, but the wharf had long since rotted away, as the paths leading to it through the woods had long since disappeared under the sumac and honeysuckle. Lily pads concealed the shoreline, lily pads and roots and fallen limbs and other shapes so far gone in decay that who could say what they were, animal, vegetable or mineral? Beyond the lily pads were the woods bulging over the water. Oaks and poplars but mostly pines. This is pine country, pulpwood and sawtimber country. Loggers hack tracks through the underbrush and bring the sawed pines out on leaning flatbed trucks splattered with mud that lurch and grind and gouge deep ruts in the ground, and because there is no tilt to the terrain

FOREWORD

water seeps into the ruts and stays there until the sun absorbs it, water the color of red clay at first but changing as the days go by until it becomes yellow. The sun bakes the ruts into hard trenches, and these trenches fill with peepers in the spring so that they sound like lakes. Alders grow closer to the lily pads than the other trees. Bending over, they form something like a screen, and from behind this would occasionally come a thrashing noise such as a fish could have made chasing another fish or being chased by a snake. Any number of things could be going on behind that leafy curtain.

It was not a place that would appeal to the fancy of everyone. Everyone no doubt would admire it from a distance, glimmering softly in the sunlight. But you could not imagine mothers bringing their children here to dabble in the shallows, toddlers splashing, or dads pausing between casts to wash the family car, as dads do on Saturday afternoon from one end of the country to the other. This is generally the case with bass lakes. They lack the friendly charm of trout streams. Sliding along between clean washed boulders, trout streams encourage family outings. But here on Shirley Mill Pond, car, dad and the whole family might sink out of sight in the oozy edges and never again be seen.

Shirley Mill Pond covers 200 acres of tidewater Virginia, about 15 miles east of Richmond. From the air it resembles an elongated puddle just north of the sluggish James River. William Byrd's home, Westover, is not far away and neither is the great house of Shirley, a handsome display of red brick where members of the Carter family have lived since the beginning of the 18th century. It was a Carter from Shirley who dammed Turkey Island Creek, one of the tributaries of the James, and constructed a mill on it to serve the plantation. Precisely when this was done has never been determined, although the date usually given is 1710—a very old mill pond no matter how you look at it; and if you look at it from a popular which is rooted in the earthen wall of the dam it looks older still. As long ago as 1823 the mill had begun to wear out. In 1875 the property was deeded to Beverly Carter, one of Hill Carter's sons, and Beverly drained the pond in order to cut down on the crowds of poachers it was attracting. Apparently Beverly wanted no fish at all if he could not have every one. In any

case, the pond passed out of the Carter family in 1921 when it was sold by a Richmond real estate firm to one Moses D. Nunnally, a founder of the Home Beneficial Life Insurance Co., whose son Moses Jr. owns it today.

In a place as old as this, as saturated in history, the proper tackle would be an angling rod of the order Dame Juliana Berners recommends in her medieval treatise on fishing. "A fair staff . . . of hazel, willow, or aspen" tipped with a "shoot of blackthorn, crabtree, medlar, or juniper" and carrying in the way of a linebar from the tail of a white horse, "the longest and best hair" available. Certainly a spinning rod couldn't hold a candle to that kind of outfit. Neither could the fly rod I had brought along. But having come to Shirley Mill to saturate myself in bass, a roughneck fish, my mission required materials somewhat coarser than any the good Juliana knew about.

The pleasures of fishing are unexpected and swift, beginning often far ahead of the fish. I had gotten up early that morning, intending to reach the lake ahead of the sun, and although the sun had beaten me as usual, it had not beaten me as much as usual. Cows looked at me between the white boards of a fence, the first person they had seen that day.

Mist still covered the far bank of the lake, and the boat seats were wet with dew. Moses Nunnally Jr. maintained a small fleet of aluminum skiffs. They were beached beside a cinder-block boathouse in which his private craft sat on the rollers of a ramp leading down to the water. It was an amazing machine, the Platonic ideal of bass boats. Somewhat longer than the rest of the fleet, it had elevated revolving chairs fore and aft and was powered by an electric motor that the fisherman-skupper controlled with his feet as he glided about the lake, a great box of tackle in front of him, rods on either side of him. According to Joe Brooks, who often occupied the forward seat, "Moses knows every foot of that water. You'll drop a fly beside a stake and he'll tell you to drop it on the other side. 'What the hell's the difference?' you wonder, but if you do what he says, you'll find out. Wham!"

The first wham of the day I had was from a pickerel that whammed the nose as it wallowed beside a log on the opposite bank. Here the land curved in to make a small pocket between the lily pads, a pocket with a pickerel in it. You

don't often miss pickerel. I raised eight of them that day and caught seven. The first was the biggest and I missed him. He jumped twice and threw the hook. Thoreau called pickerel animalized water, but I've never seen an animal as savage as a pickerel. It's awful to think what must go on in a pickerel's brain, if a pickerel has a brain and not, as it is easy to imagine, a bed of glowing coils instead. Other fish occasionally pause under a lure, as though they are holding a debate with themselves before attacking it. Not so with pickerel. These jangling, quivering fish mean to sever the object first and then think about it.

I moved on up the shoreline after catching a smaller pickerel near where I lost the first. On the way I passed a number of brush piles with stakes around them which were located anywhere from 10 to 30 yards off the bank. Mr. Nunnally called these structures "hurdles." They were shelters for fish not yet large enough to survive in the savage world of pickerel and big bass. One day, of course, the small fish would become savages themselves, but until that day arrived they depended on Mr. Nunnally's ingenuity. There were a dozen or more hurdles on Shirley Mill. Each lasted about five years. Then fresh cedars were cut in the woods, weighted and dropped inside stake fences. What these hurdles impressed upon one is that good fishing is rarely an accident of nature. Man must take a hand, and signs of Mr. Nunnally's hand were all over the place. There was no milfoil here, for instance, the deadly weed that choked the life out of other lakes in the area. Nor were the shallows blackened by dead gaseous leaves. In the early winter Mr. Nunnally lowered the lake so that the sun dried the leaves that accumulated around the edges. Dry, the leaves float to the top when the water is raised and are washed away.

The stumps produced the first bass I caught. I fished them unsuccessfully for a while with a wooden nose, then switched to something called a Pusher Bug, an ungainly wad of deer's hair which is probably the only fly in the world capable of knocking a man out if it hits him on the back of the head. Anyway, it immediately attracted a bass, a spunky three-pounder, from the deep water around one of the stumps. It says something about bass that this was the same fly rod I used to catch snook in

continued

the crew chief

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A number of years ago a local civic booster labeled Indianapolis as "the most American of cities in the most American of states." He had some justification to support his forthright view.

The Hoosier capital is widely celebrated as the home of James Whitcomb Riley and Booth Tarkington, whose homespun writings evoke the apple-pie flavor of American boyhood. It is also the place that produced the Gumm brothers. Better known as Harry and Al Von Tilzer, they composed such memorable tributes to American ideals as "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." (One of Al's earlier song efforts turned out to be remarkable but less than memorable: "I'll Bake a Cake Like Your Mother Used to Make, If You Make the Dough Like Dad.") Other Indiana composers, notably Cole Porter and Henry Carmichael, were musically inspired by different, more sophisticated concepts.

Aside from its literary and musical heritage, Indianapolis can point to other manifestations of its grass roots character. It is not surprising that the American Legion, assembling for its first convention after World War I, chose Indianapolis as the site for its national headquarters. The Legion's administrative affairs are now conducted in a handsome marble-pillared structure befittingly located in the city's World War Memorial Plaza.

But for all its distinguishing characteristics and claims, the city is best known for its most enduring symbol: the Indianapolis 500, and with good reason. Since it was inaugurated in 1911, the Indy 500 has been established as the biggest one-day sporting event in the world. The race, held on Memorial Day, attracts some 300,000 spectators and is followed at second-hand by millions more. Another 400 to 500 thousand fans attend preliminary practice sessions and qualifying time trials prior to race day.

Pots of money are offered to the competing drivers and their backers. Last year the total purse money amounted to more than \$1,000,000. The winning driver, Al Unser, feathered his nest egg with a mind-reeling \$271,697.72 in prize money, plus a \$30,000 bonus from his sponsor. Even the low man on the prize-money totem pole received considerable cash comfort. Jim Malloy snapped a torsion bar and cracked into the wall on the pace lap and was out of the race before it started. Despite his misfortune, he pocketed \$13,677.48.

The gravy train was not so richly laden in the early days of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Ray Harroun, winner of the inaugural race in 1911, took down just about the same amount of money as the luckless Malloy received in 1970. And before the first 500 could be run, the Speedway promoters and sponsors were beset by many problems.

Prior to the construction of the oval in 1909, auto racing was principally held on dusty highways or dirt horse

tracks or roughly graded fairgrounds. Realizing the limitations of racing on such surfaces, a group of Indianapolis businessmen, headed by Carl G. Fisher, formed a corporation to construct a huge, properly engineered course to provide for true tests of racing. Fisher envisioned the track not only as an arena for spectacular competition but also as a proving ground and developmental laboratory for the automotive industry. He also felt that the track would serve as a showpiece to demonstrate to the public the speed, endurance and dependability of automobiles. (At the time, Indianapolis was competing with Detroit as a car manufacturing center. Among the makes then being produced in the Hoosier city were Marmon, National, Marion and American.)

Original plans called for a three-mile rectangular main track linked with a curving infield course. However, engineers convinced the owners that a two-and-a-half-mile course was better suited to the grounds. Accordingly, a square-sided oval of that length was constructed with long straight-aways measuring five-eighths of a mile each, four quarter-of-a-mile turns, and two short stretches of 220 yards connecting the turns. The turns were banked at an angle of a little over nine degrees. The size and contour of the track have never been changed, but the surface



of the racing strip has been refined and improved through the years.

LABOR PAINS

The original surface was composed of creek gravel and crushed limestone bedded with an oil-asphaltum compound and firmly set with six-ton rollers. The promoters hoped to have the track ready for racing competition by July of 1909 but the construction crews ran into problems and fell behind schedule. The promoters were anxious to arouse public interest, so they arranged for a race to be staged while the course was far from being completed. The condition of the track was not important because the opening event was a balloon race! Some 3,500 paying customers and an estimated 40,000 outside the Speedway watched the "air buggies" soar aloft for distance and endurance prizes.

A few months later, the track was finally completed and the first wheeled racing competition was held. But, again, the vehicles were not standard racing machines. They were, in effect, half-breeds—two-wheeled motorcycles which proved incapable of handling the track at high speeds. Skidding and spewing dust and gravel, the cyclists put on a desultory and disappointing program. They complained that the contour and surface base of the track was unsuited to their style of racing.

Despite the dreary performance of the cyclists, the Speedway announced a three-day series of contests for racing cars. Some of the most famous drivers in the world entered, including Barney Oldfield, Gaston Chevrolet and Ralph DePalma. The opening events were sprint races in which several speed records were broken. But as the races were lengthened the track condition worsened. Dangerous chuck holes developed on the turns and the drivers were blinded by dust tails and pelted by flying stone chips that splintered several pairs of goggles. Accidents claimed the lives of five people, including two spectators, and the officials stopped the final 300-mile event.

The Speedway owners were crushed by the tragic results of their program, but they immediately set to work to repave the racing surface with a durable, safe material. On the advice of a consulting engineer, they decided on brick over concrete. Accordingly, at a cost of about \$150,000, the track was resurfaced with more than 3,200,000 paving bricks, each weighing ten pounds. In addition, guard rails were constructed on all the turns.



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The next year, 1910, a new series of races was conducted on the new brick surface and the results were excellent. The drivers were able to maintain much higher speeds in safety and several new records were established. As result of the success of the brick base the Speedway became popularly known as "The Brickyard."

In 1911 the management decided to hold just one race, an international sweepstakes to attract drivers from all over the world. After considering several options for the kind of race it should be, including a 24-hour event and a 1,000-mile race, they settled on a distance of 500 miles or 200 laps. They figured that the race would take about



six to seven hours to complete at the speeds generated by racing cars of the time.

Forty cars were entered in the first "500-Mile International Sweepstakes" on May 30th. The cars were huge lumbering beasts compared with today's sleek machines. They were allowed an engine displacement of up to 600 cubic inches, which meant that some of the monsters had pistons the size of land pails. More than 80,000 people came out to see Ray Harroun in a Marmon Wasp win by almost a full lap over his nearest competitor at an average speed of 74.59 mph. (The present record is 156.867, set by Mario Andretti.) Harroun's victory was accomplished in spite of the fact that he started in 28th position, the farthest back any Indy winner has started from. It was also the only 500 he ever competed in and he is the only driver to bat 1,000.

Harroun's victory was notable in that he was the only driver to compete without a riding mechanic. All the others were accompanied by "mechanicians" who kept the drivers informed of the position of cars attempting to pass from the rear. When Harroun heard that some of the drivers were considering protesting his single-seat entry as a hazard on the track, he found a small rectangular mirror and had it welded to the

cowling of his car. He thus invented the first rearview mirror, a safety device that was to become standard on all automobiles.

The success of the Inaugural 500 generated an enormous amount of publicity and interest and gave a big boost to the prestige of American auto racing. It also attracted the attention of European car manufacturers who were determined to demonstrate their models in the big international race and challenge the Americans for supremacy. Cars from England, France, Germany and Italy were entered in the years prior to World War I and after (the race was not held in 1917 and 1918). Some of the more famous foreign makes included Peugeot, Mercedes, Sunbeam, Isotta, Bugatti and Delage.



THE FLYING FRENCHMEN

The foreign cars proved to be formidable competitors. Starting in 1913, European entries swept five consecutive Indy races. The French teams dominated the classic with Gallie skill and insouciance, winning four of the victories. (In the 1914 race they blanketed the field, finishing first, second, third and fourth.) The only race in the skein which the flying Frenchmen did not take down was the 1915 contest—and that was won by a Mercedes driven by Ralph DePalma.



ALPH DEPALMA



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Everything it takes
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They say to you how closed-in life has become.
You feel it too, sometimes.
They say how great it is to escape, and sometimes you feel that.
But you know that your Yamaha, your 600 Yamaha, means a lot more than just escape. Because Freedom means a lot more.

Riding out long-and-far expresses, riding down an almost prophetic wind...you never forget those feelings.

So you say to all those people: "So what if I'm closed-in right now."

And you think: My Yamaha's right outside there, ready to do just what I want. Go as far as I want.

Now, maybe you've got to feel Freedom, really live it. Then you know it's there.

Same thing with a Yamaha. You've got to ride, and feel, and live it.

Then you know why it's the motorcycle guys choose when they're looking for a lot in a machine.

The Yamaha 600 Street XJS-B. With five-speed gearbox, enduro-tough front forks, and the only four-stroke overhead-valved 600 engine, anywhere.

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BARNEY OLDFIELD



EDDIE RICKENBACKER



The European supremacy was maintained during that five-year stretch despite the presence of such celebrated American drivers as Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker. Rickenbacker, who was to gain fame as the premier U.S. World War I flying ace and as president of the Indianapolis Speedway in 1927, had a dismal record in the 500. He started three times and his best finish was tenth. Oldfield, probably the most popular racing figure of his time, had two fifth-place finishes, well behind the European victors.

It wasn't until the decade of the 20s that the U.S. found the engineering skills and designs to regain the top-dog role at Indy. For one thing, designers had learned that the biggest engines were not necessarily the fastest or the most durable. The old large-block pistons of the 600 cubic-inch formula engines were capable of producing great power, but at the sacrifice of efficiency, specifically rpm efficiency. Improvements in engine parts and carburetion paved the way for smaller engines to produce vastly greater rpm ratios to produce higher and higher horsepower.

The old 600-cubic-inch engines averaged about 1,800 rpm to develop 115 h.p. Today's smaller engines can be revved up to 8,000 and 10,000 rpm to produce enormous h.p. ratings. In the early '20s another refinement in engine construction was introduced to help increase speeds and performance. The new device was called a supercharger or "blower" which forced the fuel-air mixture into the combustion chambers under high pressure.



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of what Wind Drift is like. Wind Drift. The new after shave and cologne by the makers of English Leather. Beautifully boxed in authentic cork design gift sets. It's like splashing on a wave after you shave.

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During the period the piston displacement limits were gradually lowered until it reached an all-time low of 1½ liters or 91 cubic inches. With their smaller precision engines the Americans regained the lead in producing Indy winners. Dominating the scene were three men whose design and engineering genius created lines of superb racing machines that were



PETER DePAOLO



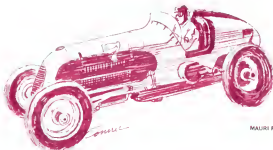
virtually unbeatable. They were the Duesenberg brothers, Fred and Augie, and Harry Miller. During a ten year period their cars and engine designs were driven to victory eight times. Miller Specials won five times, finished second five times, and took third place twice. (In the 1926 race, seven Miller-designed cars finished among the top ten leaders.) The Duesenberg record included three wins, two second place finishes, and three third-place spots. It was in a Duesenberg that Peter De Paolo broke the 100-mph average speed mark for the 500 miles in 1926. The Duesenberg name was so linked with excellence that it became a part of the oldtime expression, "It's a Doozy."

In 1930, Speedway President Eddie Rickenbacker announced a radical change in rules specifications for Indy cars. The engine displacement limit was boosted to 366 cubic inches and the drivers were required to be accompanied by a riding mechanic. A minimum weight of 1,750 lbs. was prescribed for each car and the number of starting positions was increased to 40. The rules changes meant the end of the jeweled Millers and Dusenbergs but they also encouraged the entry of semi-stock engines from the big automobile manufacturers. Although several familiar Detroit makes, including Buick, Chrysler, Ford, Hudson and Packard did join the Indy competition in the early thirties, the specialized

racing cars continued to hold sway. In 1930, for example, Billy Arnold drove a modified Miller-Harts Special to one of the most one-sided victories in 500 history. He finished seven-and-a-half minutes ahead of the second-place car. In the process he established an Indy record that still stands. He led in all but two of the 200 hundred laps, the first and second. The best the semi-stock cars could do in the era before World War II was a third-place finish by Cliff Bergere, driving a Studebaker-designed car.

WILBUR SHAW SETS THE PACE

The decade of the thirties also set the stage for one of the most remarkable



MAURI ROSE



LOU MEYER

racing records ever mounted by a driver at the Speedway or any other track in the world. The driver was Wilbur Shaw, one of the most popular and skillful competitors in racing lore. During one six-year span at Indianapolis he fashioned this unparalleled skein of finishes: First, three times, second, two times. Oh, yes, his performance in the sixth race was disappointing; he finished a mere seventh. Shaw was the first man to win two races in a row and is the only driver beside Lou Meyer and A. J. Foyt to win the classic three times. (Mauro Rose is also listed in the record books as a three-time winner. However, one of his victories was accomplished with the aid of another driver, Floyd Davis.

After Rose's original car was forced out of the race he replaced Davis in another racer on the 73rd lap and went on to win.) In one of his victories (1937) Shaw was involved in the closest race ever run at Indy. With 20 laps to go he had a comfortable lead of a little less than two minutes over his closest pursuer, Ralph Hepburn. But in the final stages of the race Hepburn relentlessly closed the margin until on the final lap it appeared that he might overtake Shaw. In fact, as the two cars came out of the last turn leading into the main straightaway, Hepburn did edge his rival's racer by a few feet. Shaw then surged ahead in the last half mile to win by 2.16 seconds, the closest finish in 54 runnings of the

500. The largest winning margin on record occurred in 1913 when Jules Goux beat Spencer Wishart by 13 minutes, 8.40 seconds.

In 1941 Shaw competed in his last 500 race in an attempt to set an unprecedented record of four triumphs at Indianapolis. He came close. Leading comfortably with only 48 laps to go, he lost a rear wheel on the southwest turn, cracked into the wall and was hospitalized. The 1941 event also marked the end of racing at the Speedway for a period of four years. The Speedway was completely closed down during World War II. Unattended, the track developed cracks in the surface and weeds flourished



WILBUR SHAW



ILLUSTRATION

Our new General Electric 500XL cooks just as fast as it looks. In fact, there's hardly another range in its class that can beat it. Inside or outside. Which is why our GE dealers decided to give it their highest accolade. By placing a removable racing stripe on its front.

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One more thing. This is a limited edition. So when one is out soon.

We build everything as if we had to use it ourselves.

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responded. However, Shaw found a single "angel" who was to solve the Speedway's financial problems and become the guiding force in reestablishing the 500 as the biggest racing car spectacle.

He was Anton Hulman Jr., a multi-millionaire sportsman from Terre Haute, Ind. Tony Hulman was also a businessman of varied interests, ranging from Clabber Girl baking powder to bottling plants. He put up the \$750,000 not for the track and appointed Wilbur Shaw as president and general manager. (Shaw served as operating head with great success until his death in 1954 when he was killed in an airplane crash.)

THE HULMAN ERA

Under Tony Hulman's stewardship the Speedway has undergone many changes and refinements. He has poured several million dollars into improving the track and the grounds. Although the Speedway has made a profit in recent years, Hulman has put much more back into it than it has earned. The track, which was partially resurfaced with asphalt in 1935, is now completely paved with asphalt except for a 36-inch strip of the original brick at the starting line, a sentimental reminder of the old "brickyard." The wooden stands have been replaced with sturdy

throughout the grounds. The old wooden stands became ramshackle under the attrition of wind and rain. By 1945 the plant was in such poor shape that many racing officials despaired of ever restoring it; the cost would have been enormous.

Eddie Rickenbacker, the head of

the Speedway, had become president of Eastern Airlines and was willing to sell the plant. He met with Wilbur Shaw and advised him that he would sell it for exactly what he put into it: \$750,000. Shaw drew up a prospectus to attract a syndicate of individuals and companies to raise money. Many people with self-promoting interests



TONY HULMAN

The increase in speed efficiency and durability is reflected in the race record pace. In a dozen-year span from 1946 to 1957 the average winning speed rose more than 20 mph, from 114.820

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In most recent years other drivers have gained considerable reputation for their 500 exploits. They include



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At Indy speeds, a speck of dirt can mean \$100,000 worth of screaming machinery self-destructs in seconds. That's why Al Unser chose Fram. That's why Fram is the overwhelming choice of pros at Indy again this year. In fact, just about every qualifying car over the past six years has been equipped with the same filter element used in the Fram oil filter made for your car.



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foreign winners Jim Clark and Graham Hill; popular Mario Andretti, who was born in Trieste but now makes his home in the U. S.; Al and Bobby Unser, the only brothers to have won at Indy. But the most dominant driver of the past decade would have to be A. J. (for Anthony Joseph) Foyt of Houston. Since 1961 he has finished in the top ten six times and taken all the marbles three times to join Lou Meyer, Wilbur Shaw and Mauri Rose as triple winners.

The 1960s were also marked by two new developments in engine design and mounting. The first was the placing of the engine in the rear. This was a distinct change from the typical Indy "roadster" which had the power plant set in front of the driver. Pioneered by English designer Colin Chapman and powered by Ford V-8s, the rear-engine chassis cars quickly proved their stability on the turns at high speeds. Three years after it was introduced, a Chapman-designed Lotus Ford driven by Scotland's Jim Clark won the 500. Today, practically all Indy cars are rear-engine-mounted.

The other new development was the introduction of a strange, revolutionary car powered by a four-wheel-drive turbine engine. Entered first in 1967 by STP's Andy Granatelli, who had been trying to win without success at Indianapolis for many years in conventional racing cars, the "whooshmobile," as it was dubbed, was a distinct challenge to the traditional piston reciprocating engine. It looked like a sleek-skinned alligator and had the speed of an ocelot. When it revved up, the turbine-compressor complex, built by Pratt & Whitney, produced an eerie, thin-whining hum. The soft, effortless whoosh of the machine as it wound round the track was in startling contrast to the bristling, blating noise level of the familiar Offy-based engines. Its almost sinister sound created a feeling of uneasiness, a sense of occult reserves of power.

The qualms of the traditionalists were well founded. R. (for Rufus) Parnelli Jones, driving the turbine entry, qualified easily at a speed of over 166 mph. During the actual race he led for most of the way in terms of laps and was out front with only about



C. P. Miller

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eight miles to go when a \$6 ball bearing in the gear box let go and Jones had to hobble into the pits like a horse with a broken leg.

Although discouraged by the turbine's near-miss in 1967, Granatelli came back the next year with three new turbine entries. He entered despite a ruling by the U. S. Auto Club, which superseded the 500 for the Speedway and sets engine specifications, that reduced the turbine air intake opening, or annulus, from 23 sq. in. to a little under 16 sq. in. The new restriction decreased, in effect, the horsepower of the engine by about 15%. Granatelli protested the ruling but had his cars ready for the 1968 event. He had signed up three top drivers—Graham Hill, Joe Leonard and Art Pollard. Leonard won the pole position with a record qualifying speed of 171.559. Hill qualified in the second spot, a tick behind Leonard. Again, misfortune plagued the turbines. Hill cracked up on the 110th lap and Leonard, who had been swapping the lead with Bobby Unser and Lloyd Ruby throughout most of the race, came a cropper on the 192nd lap while he had a seven-second lead over the eventual winner, Robby Unser. His turbine-powered car simply stalled, victim of mechanical failure, officially blamed on a faulty fuel shaft.

The whooshing turbines' performance scored the daylight out of the car racing establishment, even though their dumbly remained suspect. However, in 1969 USAC officials put another restriction on the turbines by decreasing the annulus air-intake area to a touch under 12 square inches. Only one turbine was entered in the 1969 race and it failed to qualify, marking the end of the turbines' brief but eye-popping challenge.

Ironically, after coming within a whisker of winning with turbines in 1967 and 1968, Andy Granatelli entered piston cars in 1969. One of his entries, driven by Mario Andretti, finally won for Andy his long-sought Indianapolis victory. In driving his supercharged, rear-engine Ford to the win Andretti set an average speed record that still stands.

THE FABLES AND FOIBLES OF NUMBER ONE

In 1923 nobody knew anything about renting cars. Including John Hertz.

Hertz

NO one knew exactly how John Hertz stumbled into the rent a car business. Some say he had a vision. Others say he may have been mad. And, indeed, he did seem obsessed with the automobile. First it was taxicabs and buses. He owned fleets of those. But they didn't make him happy. "What if people want to drive themselves?" he said one day. "What good are my cabs and buses then?" The next day, they say, Hertz Don't Sell began. Of course, in those days renting cars wasn't easy. It was like a wilderness that needed taming. John Hertz knew he'd make mistakes. And in the years to come, they say he made some whoppers. But from each mistake he learned. Today Hertz is the number 1 rent a car company in the world. Because, unlike other rent a car companies, our big mistakes are behind us. They belong to an era when there was no Aaa, no National. Just a man with a dream. And a few Fordson cars.

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MARIO ANDRETTI



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Although the Indianapolis Motor Speedway has only one big race a year, the preparation for the event is a year-long job. Shortly after the race is completed, the officials begin charting plans for the next 500. A staff of 140 people is employed through most of the year for maintenance, repairs, clerical work, publicity and general office duties. But as the month of May approaches and the racing cars begin to appear for practice sessions, the work force gradually builds until on race day it has increased to about 6,000 people.

The enormity of the job of housekeeping is reflected in the work performed by Speedway Superintendent Clarence Cagle and his crew. Although he is responsible primarily for the condition and maintenance of the track itself, one of Cagle's biggest problems is the litter that builds up in the stands and on the grounds. After the time trials and the race itself his crew has had to collect, bale and dispose of some 3,100 cubic yards of trash.

TIMING AND SCORING

While the management of the Indianapolis Speedway is responsible for the promotion and presentation of the 500, the supervision of the race is conducted under rigid rules and specifications by the United States Auto Club (USAC). One of the most important elements of its supervision is timing and scoring. With high flashing speeds of the 33 entrants and the staggering amount of prize money involved, every effort is made to preclude errors in lap counts, car identification and speed recording. No less than 200 trained observers are on hand to keep meticulous track of the progress and position of each car in

every moment of the race. They are aided by a battery of computers, electronic timing devices, cameras, short wave radios, calculators and tape recorders. Each of the 33 cars is assigned to individual scorers who check continuously with the timing of the race and relay it to the public scoreboards. The timing tapes record the cars' speeds to within 100th of a second. The importance of the crew's function is such that the race results are not considered official until all the data has been fed into a computer and the race has been re-run electronically to eliminate any error. Until the data has been verified, race positions may be in doubt. The official standings are posted at 8:00 a.m. the morning following the race.



TIME TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

Memorial Day is, of course, the big day for the 500 spectacle. But for 30 days prior to the event there is period of building excitement and interest that draws even more people to the Speedway than attend the race itself. This is the time of practice sessions and qualifying trials, which are held on the two weekends preceding race day. Hundreds of thousands of fans flock to the track as the drivers engage in speed trials to determine their starting positions in the race. There are only 33 allotted positions (11 rows of cars, three abreast) and the competition for the pole spot on the inside of the front row is brisk.

Generally there are about 75 to 85 entries, but many of them are never shipped to the track. For example, in

1969 there were 84 entries and only 74 actually appeared on the track for test runs, and only 42 made the attempt to qualify. The opening day of the trials is especially important because the fastest driver on that day automatically wins the pole position plus special prize money.

Each car is allowed three chances to make the qualification run, which consists of four laps around the 2½-mile track. The individual driver's average speed for the ten-mile dash is computed electronically to the thousandth of a mile per hour. Once the driver has completed the four laps his time is posted officially and he gets no other chances to improve on it. However, many cars are flagged in by the pit crews and owners before they have completed the run. Often a driver will be clocked at exceptional speeds for a couple of laps, but his third lap clocking may fall off considerably, indicating some engine malfunction. In such case he will be flagged in by his crew before the trial becomes official, thereby affording him at least two more attempts to better his speed.

The importance of qualifying in the front row is well borne out by the records of the winners of the race. In 54 runnings of the 500, cars starting from the front row have finished first 22 times. But statistics show, however, that the pole position cars do not have the best record, chalking up eight wins as against ten wins posted by cars starting from the No. 2 position. If past performance is a reliable indicator, a driver starting in the first two rows has a better than 50% chance of winning



(31 wins in 54 races). The poorest position from which a driver has come on to win was 28th. That was accomplished by two drivers: the aforementioned Ray Harroun in 1911 and Lou Meyer in 1936. Last year's winner, Al Unser, was involved in the closest time trial competition for the pole position. His average qualifying speed was 170.221, just 8 1/1000th of a mile per hour faster than the clocking of Johnny Rutherford. Over the ten-mile trial run, that translates to a squeaky margin of about two-and-a-half feet.

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN BEHIND THE WHEEL

There has long been a saying at the Speedway that the race is not always won on the track. Behind each driver and his car is a crew of mechanics who are like loving brood mares nursing their charges to peak operating efficiency. Their bailiwick is Gasoline Alley, the row of garages off the pit area where the mechanics often work day and night tuning up the sleek racers, replacing whole engines and parts, and making sure that every bolt, pin and lug is accurately set, and that all gauges and fuel, brake and ignition systems are operating properly.



But it is in the pit area during the race that they really earn their pay—and some out of the prize money if their driver comes home ahead of the pack. Since only six mechanics and helpers per car are allowed on the pit apron, they must perform assigned duties with practiced skill and teamwork.

Under USAC rules it is mandatory for each car to make three pit stops, principally for fuel, but also for tire changes, if needed. On these occasions time is precious and the seconds gained or lost can mean the difference between a pot of gold and a news of postage. Crews practice re-fueling and tire changes by the hour to trim pit stop time. In past years it was considered acceptable to service a car and get it rolling out of the pits in 90 seconds. Now, with sturdier, better-wearing tires which require fewer changes, the normal pit stop without mishap takes

about 20 seconds. Indeed, anything over 20 seconds is considered bad form.



There have been several instances when pit work was crucial. In 1962, winner Rodger Ward had a margin of a little under 20 seconds over Eddie Sachs. Ward's crew, in effect, provided that lead with flawless work on three pit stops, two of them in under 20 seconds. Sachs' three stops totaled just over 20 seconds more than the time spent on Ward's car, thereby spelling the difference. In another race, held in 1958, Jimmy Bryan beat George Amick to the finish line by 27.05 seconds. Unfortunately for Amick he spent 29 more seconds in the pits than Bryan had.

In their haste to get back into the race from the pits, drivers have guinea-pied out prematurely with distressing results. Several times they have pulled out before tire lugs had been completely tightened or before the fuel hose had been disengaged, rupturing the hose coupling and causing gas spillage. But these mishaps are comparatively minor compared with some of the emergencies the crew must be prepared to meet. Like a surgeon's operating team they must be ready to repair their "patient's" mechanical disabilities, like fouled plugs, leaking oil lines and even more serious difficulties. If the crew cannot remedy the problems within a reasonable time and with the assurance that the repair can be made without endangering the car's safety, it usually means the driver is out of the race. Over the years more cars have been forced out of the race than have finished the 200 laps.

THE HIGH COST OF VICTORY

Preparing a car for the 500 is hard, time-consuming work. It is also very expensive. A couple of years ago Andy Granatelli, who had been trying to win since 1946, spelled out how much it cost to make a full-fledged attempt to finish on top at the Speedway. He pointed out that you need a two-car team with two more cars as backups. The supercharged engines for the cars, plus spare parts, run about \$40,000 apiece. You should also have two spare engines, so the cost of the power plants alone is \$240,000. The price of chassis bodywork for the cars adds another 150,000 dollars. Contract drivers get around \$50,000 for the season and salary for the chief mechanic is about

\$18,000, plus crew members' wages. For rooms, board, transportation, shop work, insurance, etc., put down another \$60,000 to \$80,000. Add another \$12,000 for station wagons and trailers. When you total it all up, says Granatelli, you go to the races with an investment of about \$600,000. He adds that an owner might get back about \$50,000 as his share of the winning purse, but the chances are that he's promised that much in bonuses to his racing team.

Despite the rocketing costs of entering the big race, owners and sponsors are ever-eager and willing to take up the spending challenge. The prestige and promotional rewards are



ample gratification. As race day approaches the tension and excitement seem to summon up the blood. When the gates are opened at five A.M., thousands of cars and buses begin streaming into the ground and disgorging expectant spectators. Before the race they are treated to a parade of massed bands. The track is cleared and the nostalgic strains of "Back Home Again in Indiana" stream through the air and thousands of balloons are released over the track. Then President Tony Hulman booms out the familiar "Gentlemen, start your engines." The 33 cars file out in rows of three onto the track led by the pace car. After completing one lap, the pace car ducks into the pits, the green starting flag is flourished, and a keening roar wells up as the racers charge into the first turn, swerving and maneuvering for position in their run for glory or heartbreak.





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aug. 8 Mountaineer 150 Mountaineer Speedway Parkersburg, West Virginia	aug. 15 Tony Bettenhausen 200 Wis. State Fair Park Speedway Milwaukee, Wisconsin	sept. 5 California 500 Ontario Motor Speedway Ontario, California	sept. 26 Trenton 300 Trenton International Speedway Trenton, New Jersey
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the I-verplades. Bass may not sparkle on the end of a line the way snook do, but they are strong fish that require a lot of horsing in chattered water.

I took the stumps I moved on to one of the hurdles and fished a white streamer slow and deep around the stakes. Bass often congregate around these brush houses, but today they had gone elsewhere. Mr. Nunnally had given me a fly he recommended, a spider-shaped creation with elastic legs, but I had put it in my tackle box and forgot it, and in any case there seemed to be no point in trying it now. The sun had cleared the trees and cicadas had begun drooping. In midsummer the rhythms of a lake are predictable, pulsing rapidly in the early morning and again before dark with long hours in between when the heat is too faint to be heard. The slow middle hours were approaching. Turtles were crawling on top of logs to sun themselves, and beneath them the shallows were being deserted by all except minnows and small bream.

Bass, the big ones especially, have either sinking into deep holes or drawing so far back under the lily pads that it was impossible to reach them. It is maddening to hear fish and not be able to come anywhere close to them. Sometimes bass get so far back in the woods that they sound like cows crashing through the underbrush.

I drank a thermos of tea and let the boat drift up the lake. Serious bass fishermen usually go home during these slack periods, and it is true that they can be times of overwhelming tedium if your mind is set upon big things. Smaller things, however, are usually available if you are willing to settle for them, in particular panfish—crappie and bluegills—which likes provide to brighten up the dull hours. Fishing for sunfish in Bermuda, I used to occupy myself during the doldrums by catching pompano. Bluegills are something like freshwater equivalents of pompano. I replaced the Pusher Bug with a little bream fly and for several hours caught bluegills on the

average of one every third cast, bright chunky fish with flaming orange bellies. In this manner, preoccupied with small things, I drifted into the upper reaches of the lake where the banks came together rather abruptly and, according to Mr. Nunnally, the biggest bass were to be found.

I remembered his advice on how to fish this water. "Be very quiet. Get the plug right up against the bank. Leave it there while you light a cigarette, then give it a twitch. If nothing happens, smoke the cigarette and give it another twitch. Things move slow up there." I followed his advice faithfully, puffing and twitching. Once a slow something started in the grass and I held my breath, waiting for a ridge of water to develop as whatever it was closed on the twitching plug—one of fishing's finest moments but a moment I would have to experience another time, not today, for the water quickly subsided and I returned to catching bluegills.

Then I had something to tell Mr. Nunnally.

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nally: "If, on some future morning in July, you are fishing the upper end of your lake and find the cigarette-wait-then-twitch method unproductive, hear what happened to me. I tried your method. I tried the big-bass humer's method and noise and more noise. Both failed. As the day wore on, being tired and feeling upon me the need to rest my aching limbs, I drew the boat under the branches of an alder tree and there in the shade closed my eyes, shutting out for a brief while the glaring world of the lake's deep sleep. In other words, I napped. When I awoke refreshed and prepared to depart, I discovered that I was no longer alone. On the opposite bank, a distance of about 20 yards, two feet were firmly planted in the mud. It was impossible to tell whom the feet belonged to because the torso and the legs from the shins up were covered by an alder similar in size and thickness to the alder which covered me. One thing however the alder did not conceal. This was a cane pole which the man behind the tree had thrust through the branches until the long tip reached a distance of perhaps seven feet from the shore."

A poacher! What else? He had ar-

rived while I was asleep and gone straight to work. This fact registered with considerable shock. I thought of Beverly Carter who had drained the lake because of poachers, and now the poachers were back. I must have stirred loudly under the leaves, kicked the boat or something, for I saw the pole being slowly pulled in and the feet turning around. What happened then I can't fully explain. Perhaps the poacher asked himself what I was doing under the alder branches, as well he might, and came to the conclusion that I was a poacher, too. In any event, the pole reappeared and shortly I heard a timorous "Hello." The voice was much smaller than anyone would have judged from the size of the feet.

"Hello," I said.

It was an unusual situation for a conversation, since both the speakers were buried in leaves, but we covered much the same ground that most conversations do between fishermen, be they poachers or not. He wanted to know what I had caught. I wanted to know what he had caught. Neither of us, in his opinion, had done the lake justice. "The best lake in the whole state of Vir-

ginia," he said, "and I fished most of them one time or the other. You come here often?"

"Not often enough. What about you?"

"I can't do it much as I used to could. It's a long walk in here. How'd you get in, up the creek or loop around back?"

"I came up the road," I said.

There was a pause. "Up the road? You came straight through J.J. Pace's yard?" I caught the wonder in his voice.

"I did it in the dark."

"Dark or not, 10 years ago you couldn't do that. I've known J.J. Pace as long as he's been Mr. Nunnally's overseer. He's near about as old as I am. Ten years ago he'd of been on your back like a cat."

"Time passes," I allowed.

"Am't that a fact. You know who's the best man ever fished this place?"

"Who's that?"

"The man who owns it, old M.D. Nunnally's son Moses Jr. Plenty of time I been as close to him as I am to you and seen him pickin' fish out of places I been at all day without gettin' a bite."

"What kind of bait does he use?"

"Different things. I seen him catch a bass once right where you are."

"On a plug?"

"Could of been. Tintsey thing no bigger'n your fingernail."

"That wasn't any plug."

"Maybe not."

"Must have been a fly. Was it shaped like a spider, with long rubbery legs?" I had forgotten about the fly that Mr. Nunnally had given me, until my friend the poacher made me think of it.

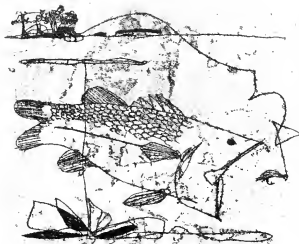
He wasn't sure about the fly. It may have had rubber legs. Again it may not. "I don't see good as I used to. All I know is it took some kind of big bass right where that boat is sittin'. How'd you get that boat, anyway? I thought they was kept locked."

"Mr. Nunnally unlocked it for me."

If I had been thinking, I wouldn't have said that. It gave me away. But I was rummaging among my tackle, trying to find the flies with the rubber legs, and when I looked up the man behind the tree was gone and so was his cane pole. I wish he had stayed around a few minutes longer. I would have given him the 3½-pound bass I caught not far from where he had been standing. Noise didn't catch that fish. Neither did the cigarette-twitch method. But a poacher and a rubber spider did.

END

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**OUT OF THIS I AM GETTING
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But many a dime he gets as George Parnassus rises at dawn, picks up his phone and shows why he is boxing's hottest matchmaker

by ROY BLOUNT

"I need this like I need another hole in my head!"

George Parnassus (rhymes with colossus), 75, of Greece and Los Angeles—the most successful year-in, year-out fight promoter in history—is sitting straight-backed in an overstuffed chair in the lobby of the Hotel Syracuse. He is wrought up over \$60,000 he does not even have a piece of. "I'm the go-between. I feel responsible. But you know what this means to me?" he cries. "Not a *nyetki*."

Not a nickel today, that is to say. Each thing in its own time. Parnassus promotes all fights held at the Forum, in a suburb of Los Angeles, and his ability to draw astonishing gates there with bantamweights—bigger gates than Madison Square Garden tends to draw with heavyweights, except in fights of the century—is due largely to his Mexican connections. He is keeping up those connections now in Syracuse.

It is late afternoon. In five hours Jose Napoles of Mexico—one of many Latin fighters in whose careers Parnassus has taken a paternal, not to say god-fatherly, interest—is scheduled to defend his welterweight title against local boy Billy Backus, Carmen Basilio's 27-year-old nephew. Parnassus has no part in this Syracuse promotion, but he has advised Napoles' manager to accept the match for a \$60,000 guarantee. Now Parnassus is on hand, at his own expense, to speak Greek-accented Spanish and Greco-Mexican-accented English as required, and to make sure that everything comes along all right, including the \$60,000. So far the money hasn't.

"They say they going to bring it by tonight. Cash money," he says. Parnassus, though never a fighter, is a welterweight himself—5' 7", 145 pounds, white-haired and conservatively nattily in a blue boardroom suit. He is also quick on his small, shiny-shod feet. Even in relative repose, his deeply lined expression tends to range from high dignity to a sensitive tragic-mask scowl, the effect of asthma and in-

tensity. Now, especially, he is frowning. He says, "I tell you, I'm not going to take all that money out of here!"

"He don't want to carry that much cash," explains Johnny De John, a longtime local fight figure who is not involved in the Backus promotion. "People been killed for less than that."

"Should be a certified check in the hands of the person at 12 o'clock the day of the fight," grumbles Parnassus. "Cucco should be doing this," he adds, referring to Cucco Conde, Napoles' manager, who has gone off to see his fighter after observing warily, "There is a lot of Italians here."

Cucco, an unassuming man in a gray car coat, appears.

"Cucco, go over there to the arena—they say they got some money now," says Parnassus.

Cucco sighs. "I'm going to have trouble over there."

"You? The manager! That's your business!" says Parnassus.

Cucco shakes his head and says, "Ninety percent Italian, that crowd going to be." He departs glumly.

"My eyes are burning like they got charcoal behind them!" cries Parnassus. "This is a terrible thing. And what does it mean to me? Not a biscuit!"

The events which have brought Parnassus through the years to this particular pass give good reason to believe that somehow he will carry on. "Twenty-six years ago," he recalled recently as trainers and managers wandered casually in and out of his Los Angeles office in what used to be the Elks Club, "they were making book I wouldn't live overnight because of my asthma. I used to go to the gym every day though. They would carry me upstairs, carry me down. Somebody passing on the stairs—halfway joking, you know, but also in a serious way—would say, 'Well what's the odds we don't see him anymore?' But I never slacked up, I never felt that I would die. To live out your years, you know,

that doesn't take any brains. But to stretch them . . ."

Parnassus took a sniff from his pocket inhaler and smiled gravely. "I've been in the boxing business 51 years, and it hasn't handicapped me in the least. I have a wife 47 years, Rosalie, and let me tell you something. We are more in love today than when we first married. I have a son a doctor, I have a son a monsignor. I was introduced to a couple kings and many presidents. I had an audience with Pope John. Oh, he was a great man. He put his hand on my head and was moving on. Someone said, 'Mr. Parnassus is in the boxing business.' The Pope put his hand back on. He said, 'Bene! Bene! Bene!' Only through boxing!" Parnassus' face lit up and he almost chorled.

And yet if Parnassus had known what he was getting into when he left his home in Methone, Greece to visit the United States, he would have stayed in Greece, he says. He emigrated to Los Angeles in 1915 because he thought his brother, who had preceded him, was well-to-do. When he found out the truth, that his brother was having to scramble just to get by in America, Parnassus had to find manual work. "I washed dishes in the Alexandria hotel. I worked on the railway with pick and shovel. I saved my money and got a checkroom concession in a nightclub. Years ago it was a tremendous business, because everybody used to wear a hat. Today nobody wears a hat."

From hatchecking Parnassus went into the restaurant business, eventually buying a place in Phoenix where most of the customers were Mexican and many were boxers. There he met Rosalie Monter De Ocas, a muncipalist, married her and learned to speak Spanish. "If one of the boys in the place was fighting, I bet a few dollars on him. If he won, I give him a free meal ticket. Before I knew it, if anybody asked them who was their manager, they would say Parnassus."

By the mid-'20s, managing was his profession. At one time Parnassus had '43 fighters, plus a Studebaker and a seven-passenger Hudson. I'd put 10 fighters in each, go somewhere and put on the whole night's show. You know, the cruellest fight you want to see is between two

continued

stablemates—ones that sleep together, eat together, I did it once. Tommy Elks and Arizona Joe Rivers, two boys who were raised together, who fought cops together. We had to get the cops in the ring to separate them. They were biting each other on the shoulders."

In 1928 Parnassus returned to Los Angeles, where the fight scene was what might loosely be called glamorous. Suez Welch, a former Canton Bulldog football teammate of Jim Thorpe and a longtime fight manager around L.A., says that when Parnassus arrived "he looked like a Greek cook. Or a waiter. But he was always a cutie, he knew his way around. Those were big days at the Hollywood Legion. Every Friday night was a sellout. Jolson always had a fighter or two, and Doug Fairbanks and George Raft. Mae West had a boxer as a chauffeur. Bing Crosby would hang around at ringside. Lupe Velez, who was going at the time with Gary Cooper, would jump and holler and throw her clothes around. She was a real fight fan."

Tom Gallery, a former director of sports for NBC, was then a matchmaker at the Hollywood Legion—and married to Zasu Pitts. He recalls meeting Parnassus one night in Fatty Arbuckle's nightclub and witnessing an epic brawl over the maidenly virtues of Texas Guinan, whose bodyguard, Raft, hid under a table throughout the action. If Parnassus shares the memory, or others like it, he no longer talks about them.

Always he took care of himself. "I never was drunk in my life. I went to bed at five o'clock, and if I had to be someplace at six o'clock I'd be there, a little bit ahead of time. I ask fighters and ex-fighters: When did you feel worse—the day after a real tough fight or the day after a real drunk? They all agree—the day after a real drunk."

The fighter for whom Parnassus had the most affection was Enrique Bolanos, a lightweight who twice, unsuccessfully, fought Ike Williams for the title. "He was the nicest boy you ever want to meet, but he had one great fault," says Parnassus. "He couldn't say no to his friends. The night before a fight they'd say, 'Come on, Enrique,' and he would go. But a great fighter. I enjoyed watching him box, especially knowing the condition he was in."

"Two days before a fight I'd take him home and sit in a car outside until his lights went out. Then I'd drive around

the block two times, and his lights would still be out. So now I would get some sleep myself. I go to Santa Monica, to bed. The phone rings, the fellow is very sorry to disturb me—"We like you and we like Enrique, but you better come get him, he's drunk." A real friend will make you cry, an enemy will make you laugh. Enrique has a good job with an electrical company now. He doesn't drink anymore."

But Parnassus did not indulge his fighters in any more nonsense than was necessary. Quite the contrary. "In front of strangers, to my fighters I was always Mr. Parnassus," he says.

In 1934 Parnassus found his first titleholder, though he did not seem a likely one at the time. Ceferno Garcia had been knocked out five times and his Filipino manager had deserted him. Two years after Parnassus took him over he fought Barney Ross for the welterweight title, and in 1939 he knocked out Fred Apostoli to become middleweight champion. "I got him into condition, I got him ambition," says Parnassus, "and I kept him the same age five years."

Parnassus says he was able to maneuver Garcia and later lightweight Juan Zurita and bantamweight Raon Macias into titles without resorting to underworld connections. "I was in Chicago when Capone was at his height. I know all those people. What am I going to do if someone says, 'Hello, Mr. Parnassus.' I have to be civil. But I never looked for anything I didn't have coming. Couple of times in New York, before a fight, somebody might come with this baloney—for a couple of thousand dollars they can take care of it. I laugh it off. I say, 'Oh, nobody can take care of it.' I go ahead, take care of my business. Somebody gets up at six to get ahead of me, I am up at four."

In 1952, though by now wheezing heavily with his asthma, Parnassus even took on a new career, in another sport, out of pique. "I went into the newspaper office in Sioux City, Iowa to ask information about wrestling there," he says. "The sports editor, he wouldn't even look up. 'Better leave town, you haven't got a chance,' he said."

"You play me a dirty trick," I tell him. "I didn't mean I was going to stay and promote, but now you say I haven't got a chance. I'm going to. Walking down the street, I didn't see anybody with three eyes or five arms. You give

them what they want, they'll come out.' They did, too. I stayed three years."

In 1957 Parnassus became a licensed matchmaker for Cal and Aileen Eaton's Olympic Boxing Club operation in downtown Los Angeles. As a matchmaker he came up against Jim Norris' International Boxing Club, which was accustomed to putting on whatever it wanted. Parnassus guaranteed Carmen Basilio \$60,000 for a nontitle fight with Art Aragon in Los Angeles' Wrigley Field. "The Norris people brought all kinds of pressure to bear trying to get Basilio to pull out, give them the fight," recalls Parnassus gleefully. "Between Madison Square Garden and Chicago Stadium they had millions of dollars, and here I am with a roast beef sandwich. But they can't take the fight away. Then somebody comes up with Floyd Patterson and Roy Harris, a title fight, in Los Angeles 18 days before the Basilio fight. I protest to the state athletic commission, but they let it go. So I stand up in the commission meeting and bet the other promoter \$5,000 I would outdraw him whatsoever—I peel it off in \$100 bills right there and embarrass him. He got to bet. And I won. Then Norris announced Zora Folley and Pete Rademacher would fight in Kentucky. I get Folley and Rademacher together, and I take the fight away from them. Whoof I did!"

Parnassus was never a man to be trifled with, at high levels or low. "One time I saw some people tearing down my retaining wall after a fight at the Olympic Club," he says. "So I go up to them and I say, 'What are you doing?' 'We are tearing down the wall, Mr. Parnassus,' they say. 'Why are you doing that?' I ask. 'Because we do not like the decision,' they say. 'I do not like it either,' I say. 'Here, let me help you.' And I take out a few bricks myself. They stop tearing down my wall."

It was unrealistic to think the Parnassus-Eaton matchmaker's match would go the distance, and it did not. Parnassus recalls one occasion when "I agreed to \$50,000 with a man for TV. He brought me a check for \$35,000. I said—phooey. He went to Aileen Eaton and cried to her. I heard her say from her office, 'I'll talk to George.' I shouted, 'You'll do no such damn thing! If anybody goes over my head I'm going to go down there the night of the fight and yank all the wires out! Is that clear

continued

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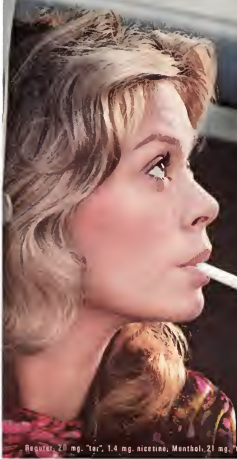
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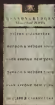
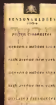


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enough? And you look at me right here in the eye and see if I mean it!"

In 1966 Parnassus and Mrs. Eaton parted ways. When he decided to renew his California license and go into business for himself in 1967, Mrs. Eaton opposed him, unsuccessfully, in a stormy California Boxing Commission hearing. "My family wanted me to retire," he says, "but then Mrs. Eaton tried to force me to. I guess I owe it to Mrs. Eaton I am still in the business today."

In 1968 Parnassus signed an agreement with Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the Forum, which makes him a larger operator, in terms of average gate, than the Olympic, which has a fight every Thursday night but does not have Parnassus' extensive Mexican connections.

Since his first days as a manager Parnassus has been traveling in Mexico and dealing with its people, and for years he has been friend to its presidents. "Everywhere I go, people stop to talk," he says. "Even the dogs know me in Mexico." Only one of Parnassus' main events at the Forum has lacked a Mexican fighter, and as much as half of a top Forum turnout of 15,000 to 17,000 is likely to be Latin, including thousands of Mexicans who have taken buses up from as far as 500 miles away. Of the 101 title fights Parnassus has promoted or helped promote around the world, none have been in the heavyweight division, and most have been welterweight or lighter.

In 1969, counting only gate receipts, Parnassus grossed \$1,086,400 in eight Forum attractions, an average of \$135,800. Madison Square Garden, relying on heavyweights, where all the money supposedly is, grossed \$1,531,500 for 14 shows, an average of \$109,392. In 1970, with six shows, the Forum average was more than \$150,000. No promoter in history—except for Tex Rickard, who worked at it less regularly and handled only potential blockbuster events—equaled the average gates that Parnassus has produced at the Forum. Parnassus keeps his big matches coming by paying the small men purses they never hoped for a few years ago—\$100,000 to bantamweight Lionel Rose, for instance, when he fought Ruben Olivares.

Dealing with Japanese, Australians, Italians and South Americans, as well as Mexicans, requires a mastery of the telephone. "I know all the time zones," says Parnassus. "I know when to call a man anywhere in the world so I get

him when he is just up in the morning. I phone a man in Japan, tell him, 'You get out of your house right now and get up that money.' A letter or a telegram, he can put in his pocket." Parnassus stays within grabbing range of a receiver 24 hours a day except when he is in transit, and he likes to be the one who grabs. "I don't believe in having a secretary to ask who is it. If someone is calling me, he must have a reason. Every day of the week, I am at the office at six a.m., making calls. Anywhere I am in my house, the phone is with me. My telephone bill is \$1,000 a month. If I was to be a blabbermouth on the telephone I'd be in the poorhouse. I know three minutes—after all these years with three-minute rounds I know it right to the second."

On or off the phone, Parnassus prides himself in the value of his word. "I went to London to sign Hogan (Kid) Bassey to defend against Davey Moore—\$65,000 for Bassey. His manager was in the hospital. The only thing we did was shake hands and embrace each other when I was leaving. That was all we needed. I went to Paris to sign Alphonse Halimi to fight Becerra. The manager of Halimi, Philip Filipi, was known as a difficult fellow to do business with. He said, 'From Mr. Parnassus, all I want is to shake hands.' I'm not ashamed to say I got tears in my eyes."

"Irving B. Kahn of TelePrompTer—he came into my room at the St. Moritz to talk a contract with a tape recorder in his jacket. I said, 'Here, take off your coat,' and zip. I take it off before he can stop me. When he finished he said, 'Doing business with Parnassus, a handshake is good enough.' And to hear *Irving* say that. . . . He is a tough man."

"In boxing," sums up Parnassus rather mellowly, "I have met more honorable people who on their word you can do a \$100,000 deal. Other businesses, for much less money, you have to have all kinds of papers." But even in boxing, wise men take precautions.

Cuco Conde has returned from the Syracuse arena with only one \$12,000 check. Parnassus groans. Grudgingly, he stops insisting that Cucu get all the money before the champion steps into the ring. The show goes on.

Backus wins the welterweight title in a stunning upset, absorbing beautiful

jabs for three rounds, then in the fourth filling Napoles' eyes with blood from cuts. Parnassus is outraged. "Do you see how they steal the fight! It was not bad enough a cut to stop it. Backus was cut worse. The referee was too anxious to take it away from the champion, which was in very bad taste. . . ." He makes his way toward the cashier's office.

"It's a tough business," says Cucu. "I'm telling him for a month, I don't want to come here. A lot of Italians." A reporter asks Parnassus about a return bout. "We take their word," Parnassus says, "that it meant enough to them to get a chance at the title that they will give a return."

"Where?" asks the reporter.

"A neutral site," says Parnassus. "Los Angeles." All the while he is eyeing the counting that is going on in the cashier's office.

Napoles' money, in several odd-sized checks and a thick bundle of bills that Cucu takes under his arm, is at last produced. Parnassus heads back to the hotel, relaxed.

"Backus was courageous and strong," he goes so far as to admit, once he is settled down in his suite with a drink. But he has not forgotten "the griff I went through the last three days. I been wishing why didn't I get sick? Why didn't I have a stroke or something instead of coming here?"

A stroke of genius, perhaps, for soon he murmurs, "Olivares-Castillo and Napoles-Backus on the same bill."

"That would be a fantastic promotion," someone says. Parnassus raises his eyebrows owlishly. And now he has a few final words to offer about his role in Syracuse. "Maybe I'm the only one in the world, but I can say this—no fighter, no manager, can give me a nyckel. Not even expenses."

Suddenly he disappears into the next room and returns with a legal-looking paper. It is a contract with Backus for a Napoles-Backus rematch in the Forum, he says. "This sign for my efforts in getting him a title bout. It is null and void if Backus does not win. It is null and void unless it is the kind of bout that calls for a return. They didn't pay me—not a roast beef sandwich. Just, if it was the kind of bout that calls for. . . ." It does.

"So," says Parnassus with a smile. "Now we're in business."

A dropout with a big future

Burt Hooton of Texas pitches his last game and awaits pro offers

Now that it is all over, Burt Hooton can look back upon his remarkable athletic career at the University of Texas with a galling sense of regret and resentment. For the past three years Hooton has been the star pitcher on the Southwest Conference championship Longhorn teams and, in all probability, the best pitcher in college baseball. However, after three straight years of representing District Six in the college World Series at Omaha, Neb., Texas was upset by little Pan American University of Edinburg, Texas in last weekend's district finals in successive 1-0 and 4-0 shutouts. But this is not the source of Hooton's sorrow. For sure, he re-

gretted losing to such upstarts, particularly since he pitched so superbly in the 1-0 loss. He struck out 16 batters, surrendered only four base hits and allowed no earned runs. What wrecked him was a passed ball and a throwing error.

No, if Hooton had been given his way he would not have been there at all. He wanted to sign a professional baseball contract after graduation from King High School in Corpus Christi, but his father, James V. Hooton, now of Jackson, Miss., would not permit him, feeling—perhaps wisely—that young Burt would be better off at least starting college before entering the Hall of Fame. So Hooton went to Texas where in his freshman year he won 12 games, lost none, struck out 137 batters in 102 innings, recorded an earned run average of 0.88 and again said that he wanted to turn pro.

The lump in the resin bag this time was not his father but the rules. According to the present agreement between the colleges and organized baseball, once a youngster has entered school he cannot be signed until he has passed his 21st birthday. So Hooton went back to Texas as a sophomore, winning 12 games and losing one. He slipped to 11 and two as a junior this season, but both losses were by 1-0 scores and he broke his own school strikeout record in the playoff with Pan Am, the 16 giving him 153 for 97½ innings, slightly better than 1½ per inning. More important, he celebrated his 21st birthday.

Hooton is now eligible for the baseball draft and he should be selected early. Then, after proper negotiation, he should be at last sign for the bundle he has been waiting for. He even could be on a big-league roster before the year is out, for Hooton has been trailed by major league scouts since high school. "Even if you don't actually know them," he says, "you can sense their presence."

He certainly has what the scouts are after—a hopping fastball, a developing slider and "the thing," a knuckle curve ball that drops sharply in directions that sometimes surprise Hooton himself. Combine these with intelligence, excellent control (he has averaged only 27 walks a season) and size (6' 1", 195 pounds) and you have the basic dream pitcher. Yet Hooton seems to regard himself as an incipient has-been.

"I've had to wait around," he says with resignation, "I've been in the same

type of competition for three years. If I'd been able to sign after my freshman year I might possibly have had two years of major league ball by now. College ball is no big thing. Look, everybody on campus knows who Steve Worsler is. Maybe one-third of the students know who I am. People in my position can't realize the true value of a college education. Oh, I've learned a lot since I've been here and I intend to go on for my degree in business. In fact, college baseball is great for a lot of people, but for some of us there ought to be a way out. I don't like the rules that have kept me playing here."

Hooton is no ingrate. He is just mature enough to know who he is. Certainly he has given his team maximum effort. His coach, Cliff Gustafson, a proud Texas graduate, calls him "a true All-America, the kind we oldtimers [he's 40] can appreciate." Hooton is, nevertheless, a star in a sport that rewards ability only at the major league level, and as such is an excellent example of college baseball's dilemma. The coaches, understandably, want to keep their top players in school as long as possible, but the dilemma with the professionals. But the players get little recognition to compensate them for the money slipping by. Hooton only winces when the name of a contemporary like Vida Blue is mentioned.

In another sense, college baseball may be the last refuge of the student athlete. Since the star has little to gain, he leaves it as quickly as possible. Few of the major league prospects play into their senior year and starless teams like Texas' conqueror, little old Pan American, might be better off.

Pan American is deep in southern Texas, in an area populated largely by Mexican-Americans and Midwestern transplants. It has no football team and its basketball team is not much. But under Coach Al Ogletree, a minor league dropout and Texas A&M graduate, it has become a baseball school. Pan Am has only one player who might reasonably be coveted by the professionals, 22-year-old senior Centerfielder James Tyrone, and he was passed over in last year's draft. Ten of Ogletree's 25 players are seniors, 12 are married, 14 are junior college transfers, 10 are Latinos, three (including Tyrone and his younger brother, Wayne) are black and 19 are from the South Texas area. Texas, by contrast, has only one junior college

continued



HOOTON'S CAREER ENDED ON DEFEAT BEAT

"How an Accutron® watch movement helps me trap air polluters."



By Paul Rubenstein

I'm a photographer and I've lived in New Jersey most of my life.

It's been a good place to live except for one thing.

Sometimes polluted air would come down from the big industrial plants and you'd think you were going to die.

My blood would boil. But I'd ask myself, "What can one guy do about it?"

One day I decided it was time to find out. I began building a camera to trap air polluters.

In New Jersey you trap an air polluter by proving that he has released pollutants into the air for longer than three consecutive minutes.

To do that I gave my camera two lenses that worked simultaneously. One to take a picture of the place. One to take a picture of the time, on a built-in clock.

I used an Accutron tuning fork movement to impress the judge.

I thought I'd better have the right time if I wanted my pictures to hold

up in court. So I used an Accutron clock. Like every Accutron watch, it had a tuning fork movement that was guaranteed accurate to within a minute a month.*

I figured that had to impress even a judge.

And it did.

For the past five years, my pictures have been accepted as legal evidence.

Through rain, sleet, 112° in the shade, my camera has kept going to trap air polluters. (Or to defend non-air-polluters.)

And through all that, the built-in Accutron clock has kept accurate time. Never giving me a moment's trouble.

As a matter of fact, it's on the job right now.

But just where, I'm not at liberty to say.

Date and Day "AD" One-piece case and mesh band in 14K solid gold. Hand-applied black and gold markers on a linen textured silver dial. **Water-resistant.** Protected against common watch hazards \$600. Other styles from \$115. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.



The watch that's become
an ecological instrument.
Accutron by Bulova.

transfer, four Latinos, one married player and no blacks.

Until this year Pan Am was a David consistently punched out by Goliath. Twice, in 1968 and last year, its teams had tried and failed to get past Texas in the district finals and move on to the college World Series. Last year Hooton beat the Broncs twice, shutting them out on two hits in the first game and finishing them off in relief in the second. Hooton also shut them out in a regular-season game this year. But Pan Am won the other three games in that series. Texas Coach Gustafson dismissed those early-season losses as nothing more than warmups for the more significant Southwest Conference schedule. Pan Am gloriol in the victories.

Both teams subsequently had lovely seasons. Texas took its third straight undisputed conference championship, winning 25 of its last 28 games and finishing with a record of 33-9. Pan Am won 40, lost seven and in one stretch shut out seven consecutive opponents. Texas had a team hitting average of .320 and broke school records for runs, hits and doubles. Led by James Tyrone with 49, Pan Am had 101 stolen bases. Both teams, by a happy irony, were tied for fourth in the final regular-season *College Baseball* rankings. In the past, Southwest Conference winners (usually Texas) represented District Six in Omaha, but in recent years as many as four teams have competed for the distinction. This year only Texas and Pan American were judged worthy by district officials. This set up some predictable bickering over the playoff series site. Texas does not like playing in Fulsburg, where the fans are hostile and even the umpires sometimes so. Pan Am deeply resents playing at Texas' home field, where it had twice previously lost playoff series and where the 300-foot foul line in right field is so convenient for the left-handed hitting power of Texas.

San Antonio's windy V.J. Keefe Field, home of the Drive Association's San Antonio Missions and the St. Mary's University Rattlers, was finally selected as a neutral site. In many ways besides neutrality, San Antonio was an ideal place for the game. It is 80 miles southwest of Austin and about 200 miles north of Edinburg. Texas' Gustafson had coached high school baseball there for 13 years (he had seven state champions at South San Antonio High); Pan Am's Ogletree

was born there, both teams had players from there and there were enough University of Texas partisans around to balance the cheering of native Mexican-Americans who were Pan American fans.

There were, however, some drawbacks. Park officials overestimated Keefe Field's seating capacity by a thousand, so many of the 4,500 who bought tickets in advance for the opening game found themselves occupying standing room. Another 1,500 ticket purchasers, with no hope of sitting down, simply overran the foul territory in left and right fields. Others, who did not bother to buy tickets, watched the opening game—and a middle-inning fire in a recreation field behind them—from atop the left-field fence. The wind, blowing in gusts up to 25 miles an hour toward home plate, proved a nuisance to fans and a detriment to Texas power. Pan Am, which depends upon pitching depth and a tight defense, had the advantage. But Texas had Hooton.

The first game was obviously the key to the best two-out-of-three series. If Pan Am, which had never beaten Hooton, could somehow get by him, it had an excellent chance to throttle Texas in the second game with its superior second-line pitching. But Hooton could demoralize Pan Am and open the way for Texas power the next day.

Under Keefe Field's dim lights, a magnificent pitching duel between Hooton and Pan Am's clever Lupe Salinas resolved the issue. Salinas, who also had an 11-1 record for the regular season, gave up only five singles while striking out seven. But Hooton was overpowering. He struck out the side in the third, fifth and eighth innings. In the eighth, in fact, he struck out four men because Pan Am's Mike Duffey gained first on a third-strike passed ball.

But Hooton was also unlucky. In the second inning, Pan Am's Al Pierce singled to right field with one out and advanced to second on a passed ball. With two outs, left-handed-hitting Catcher Bill Chandler sent a sharp ground ball between first and second which Texas' First Baseman John Langerhans fielded nicely but threw low and wide toward Pitcher Hooton, who was covering first base. The ball bounced crazily away from him and Pierce lumbered all the way home from second base with the only run of the game. After Pan Am cooied to its more leisurely win on

Saturday, Hooton was thorough as a collegian.

"Did you mind losing?" he was asked afterward.

"No," he said, setting aside a hot-fudge sundae, "losses don't bother me. You gotta get used to them somewhere."

For Burl Hooton, somewhere could soon be the big leagues.

THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

NL EAST For the second time this season, illness forced Pittsburgh Manager Danny Murtaugh to leave his team. Murtaugh, who has a history of heart trouble, complained of chest pains in Cincinnati and was confined to Christ Hospital as the Pirates flew to Montreal. It was fortunate he nassed the flight. The plane was rocked by an electrical storm and the pilot's control panel went out. Willie Stargell was so shaken by the trip that he disconnected the phone in his Montreal hotel room. The following night Stargell, who had moved starting five games because of an ailing hand, returned to the Pirate lineup and hit a game-breaking homer in the 11th inning. "I guess it'll be all right for me to cash my paycheck now," he said. But Pirate executives are beginning to worry. The club has been averaging a mere 12,000 spectators at Three Rivers Stadium and only 17,000 were on hand for a recent big game against the Mets. "If weather isn't the reason for the small crowds, then we're all in the wrong business," said club Vice-President Tom Johnson. The Mets' Shea Stadium, on the other hand, was comparatively overpopulated. New York returned home following five straight losses, and Nolan Ryan tossed a crowd of 37,000 to a fourth-hitter against the Braves. The following day a crowd of 53,000 watched the Mets win another 8-7 on an 11th-inning single by Donn Clemenston. St. Louis won five of six games at home, but not all the victories were impressive. On Friday the Cards combined with San Diego to commit nine errors. Even the Busch Stadium scoreboard joined the act, displaying an incorrect answer to its own fan quiz. Chicago Pitcher Milt Pappas was spiked in the first inning of Saturday's game against the Dodgers and later was hit on the foot and head by a line drive but Leo Durocher refused to remove him from the game, which is not surprising since the credentials of the Cub bullpen amount to one win and one save. Three times this year

The bourbon smoke. The other reason Swedish women like Swedish men.

The Swedes discovered it: the way good Kentucky bourbon can actually soften the taste of pipe tobacco. Subtly adding flavor without disguising it.

The result is Borkum Riff. A unique, definitely rich smoke that won't bite.

You'll like it. Borkum Riff, the bourbon smoke. From Sweden.



Imported by United States Tobacco Company

These are the athletes who really need Jack Purcells.



Like them, you do your pro work sitting down. Sure, you jock-it-up. On the weekends. Not as much as you'd like. And not enough to keep your feet in professional shape.

And that's why your feet need the extra help in Jack Purcells.

What makes Jack Purcells different is the rigid rubber wedge inside each heel.

What these wedges do is shift your weight to the outside of each foot. Thereby distributing your body weight better.

That helps you to keep going longer and perform better on the field. And to end up less tired off the field.

There's a lot more to Jack Purcells. The best materials. Great styling. Other good things to take care of your feet and keep them comfortable.

But what makes us pros at the care and footing of the now-and-then athlete is our exclusive Posture Foundation® wedge.

Get it. And lose your amateur footing.



BFGoodrich...in pursuit of excellence

JACK PURCELL. The only one with the wedge.

Leo's relievers have entered games with Chicago leading and they have blown two of them. So Pappas pitched nine innings and won 5-2. The residents of MONTREAL were giddy with good humor following their Stanley Cup win. Those who went to Jarry Park for the first of a three-game series with the Pirates were described by Sports Columnist John Robertson. "They sang songs, swilled beer and merrily clapped their hands to lively organ music . . . and if the home team happened to lose this night, odds are the only people who would get blamed for it would be the visiting team." The Expos lost 6-2. PHILADELPHIA won two from New York, but remained hidden in the cellar.

NY 34-18 ST. L 35-16 PIT 24-17
CH 20-21 MONT 18-17 PHIL 14-28

NL WEST

Last season 211 home runs were hit in Atlanta Stadium and only Crosley Field (219 in 1957) and the Polo Grounds (213 in 1962) ever had been more accommodating to National League hitters. This year the assault continues. In 22 games the park has yielded 61 homers, which local Meteorologist Dave Miller credits to thin air. "Atlanta's elevation is 1,010 feet," he said. "Most other cities in the league are at elevations of less than 500 feet." ATLANTA Outfielder Ralph Garr, who had three home runs in two wins against the Mets, continued to lead the Braves with a .384 average and is concerned with elevations of a mere personal nature (page 18). HOUSTON set a club record by stranding 15 runners against the Padres, so Manager Harry Walker scheduled batting practice for 9:30 the next morning. "Anything to break the monotony," he said. Then the Astros won two games from SAN FRANCISCO, a team that wins everywhere except in the Astrodome. Through Saturday, the Giants had lost eight straight and 18 of their last 21 games in Houston and were becoming superstitious. "For weeks we talked about the Houston series," said Relief Pitcher Don McMahon. "We felt if we could take them we were sure to win the pennant. Well, the Astrodome is our jinx." LOS ANGELES, with slugger Richie Allen ineffective, looks as powerless as ever. The Dodgers had 58 hits last week but only seven were for extra bases and only one was a homer. CINCINNATI was unable to advance despite four wins, and life is becoming downright embarrassing for SAN DIEGO. After watching Padre rookie Bill Laxton pitch, Joe Torre of the Cardinals said, "This kid has a chance to become a great pitcher. I was really impressed, even if we did get to him for seven runs in three innings."

SF 34-18 LA 24-22 ATL 30-22
HOUS 20-22 CIN 17-24 SD 19-28

AL EAST

Denny McLain's first appearance in Detroit since being traded to Washington had an added flip Sunday: old rival Mickey Lolich on the mound for the Tigers. "Big duel," said Lolich before the game. "I haven't decided yet if we'll use sabres or pistols. I think I'd object to using pistols, though. I might be the larger target." Asked if Lolich should win 20 games this year, McLain replied, "I would hope so. He's not competing with anyone anymore." McLain was cheered by at least half of the crowd of 53,000, but not by the hitting of his former teammates (Al Kaline and Norm Cash each hit a two-run homer) or the pitching of Lolich (he had a four-hitter). OUTRO won 5-0 and again 11-0 to conclude a grim week for WASHINGTON. The Senators managed just one run in four losses and fell to last place. Perhaps as humiliating, the Tigers walked a batter intentionally to pinch for Frank Howard. BOSTON won five straight and the most encouraging part of the streak was Jim Lonborg's start against the Orioles on Friday. The 1967 Cy Young winner pitched 8½ innings and allowed six hits and four runs. "Jim's made it all the way back," said Carl Yastrzemski. "He stood up there brimming with confidence, the same way he was in '67." And Plate Umpire Ron Luciano added, "I never saw Lonborg in his heyday, but the way he threw tonight he could pitch for anybody." BALTIMORE lost the game in the 10th, so Manager Earl Weaver called a team meeting. A major concern was power hitter Boog Powell's abysmal slump. He is hitting .190. Said Weaver: "If it looks like he's not coming around, he may have to sit down for three or four days. Sit down, relax, rest, then start over." In Sunday's doubleheader Powell went 0 for 7. CLEVELAND's Ken Harrelson is anxious to relax, rest and switch sports. "I have a calling," he says. "Some go from alcohol to preacher. I'm going from baseball to golf unless something happens to change my mind." New York stretched its losing streak to five games when, in the seventh inning against the Indians, Center Fielder Bobby Murcer lost a routine fly in the sun. Winning Pitcher Steve Dunning then scored from second on a single when Catcher Jake Gibbs dropped the ball at the plate.

BOST 28-19 BAL 22-16 DET 22-18
NY 17-22 CLEV 17-22 WASH 18-28

AL WEST

A week of rain and open dates limited KANSAS CITY to only three games, which provided plenty of time for Owner Ewing Kauffman to contemplate the future of his Royals. "I'm afraid this team will win its division this year in our old park," he said during a radio interview. "I really don't want it to win until we get into our new park next sea-

son. It will have the finest scoreboard in the history of baseball." The scoreboard will be 10 stories high and will be able to flash gigantic pictures of the Royals. There will also be a jet fountain that will shoot water into the air on fitting occasions. Kauffman estimates that the cost of all this will be \$2,250,000. Meanwhile, Manager Bob Lemon spoke of the less glamorous present. "We've cut down on walks and home-run balls and we're making double plays." CALIFORNIA has as its only consistent hitter a 30-year-old catcher named John Stephenson. He is an unlikely hero. Stephenson bounced around baseball for eight seasons, played occasionally in the majors for the Mets, Cubs and Giants and in the off seasons was employed as assistant basketball coach at William Cary College in Hattiesburg, Miss. Last winter the Angels drafted him as a third catcher, and by last week he had a 15-game hitting streak and a .410 average. "I've appeared in 23 games," he said, "and that's the most I've played with any team in a year." In OAKLAND the press had been criticizing Owner Charlie Finley for not appearing at games. "The fans do not care whether Charles O. Finley comes out to the games," he declared. But last week he was in his box enjoying the sunshine, Cap Day and Jim (Catfish) Hunter's eighth straight win and seventh complete game—a two-hit 5-1 victory over Minnesota. Reggie Jackson lifted his average 25 points to .280 and his home run Saturday brought Twins Manager Bill Rigney out of the dugout protesting that his bat was grooved. Jackson asked, "What is a grooved bat?" Also protesting was MILWAUKEE General Manager Frank Lane. When a Brewer 4-1 lead over Kansas City was washed away by run in the fifth inning, Lane believed that the rescheduling of the contest might cost the Brewers their exhibition date with Atlanta and the anticipated crowd of 40,000. Furious at Hank Soar, the umpire who stopped play, Lane said, "Only a shoebrain like Soar could have done it. There was no reason why we couldn't have finished the inning. He announced his retirement this year, but he should have retired 20 years ago." CHICAGO Manager Chuck Tanner juggled his lineup to provide more speed at each end of the batting order and the result was a satisfying 13-0 win over the Angels. Wilbur Wood pitched the shutout. The night before, Tom Bradley shut out California 3-0 and the wins brought the team ERA down close to 3.00, compared with 4.54 last season. But, with all their improvement, the White Sox were still struggling to get out of last place. Why? "Lousy fielding," says Tanner. "Our mistakes have cost us at least six games this year."

OAK 20-18 MIN 31-21 CAL 31-22
KC 19-21 MIL 18-21 CHH 18-22



An old custom at customs

The Stanley Cup, a trophy that rarely escapes from Montreal custody, returned again last week as the Canadiens prevailed against Chicago

The red-eyed little customs officer was singing *Les Canadiens Sont Lâ* as the red-eyed Montreal Canadiens, who happened to be yelling the same tune, lined up for inspection shortly before four o'clock last Wednesday morning at Dorval Airport outside Montreal. "Monsieur, what do you have to declare?" the officer asked one of the Canadiens.

"Only the Stanley Cup, monsieur," the man answered. The customs officer had to think for a moment. "There is no problem," he said, smiling. "We'll just classify that as Canadian Goods Returned."

The classification could hardly have been more apt, for the cup seems to be Canadiens' goods, if not Canada's. But the route home was a long one this time, as proud and spirited Montreal had to rally furiously from two goals down to defeat the Chicago Black Hawks 3-2 in the seventh game of the finals at Chicago

Stadium, thereby ending the longest season in pro team sports—221 days. "Nobody gave us a chance against Boston," said Jean Beliveau, the magnificent captain of the Canadiens who is considering announcing his retirement. "And nobody gave us a chance against Chicago. But when you play for the Canadiens, for the Montreal Canadiens, you know you always have a chance."

The cup series was a fine triumph by a team that only a year ago was in disgrace for failing to qualify for the playoffs and this year limped home in third place in the East a full 24 points behind the champion Boston Bruins. The Canadiens won the final game on two goals by Henri Richard, the famed Rocket Richard's silver-haired little brother. In addition to these spectacular shots, Henri got off another one, which was verbal. It came after the Canadiens lost the fifth game in Chicago and brought

CUP-WINNING GOAL is scored by Canadiens' Henri Richard, who blasted puck and coach.

into the open the serious rift between Montreal Coach Al MacNeil and his players. Unfortunately, it also added to the civil unrest in the French-speaking populace of Quebec.

Richard called MacNeil "incompetent" and said he was "the worst coach I've ever played for." When the Anglo-Canadian MacNeil replaced French-Canadian Claude Ruel in December, he let it be known that he would shuffle his lines in every game until he found productive combinations. This tactic incensed his players, who prefer set lines. Still, the MacNeil plan worked well—as the Boston Bruins found out—and things did not get unseemly until MacNeil benched John Ferguson in the third period of a semifinal playoff game against Minnesota. Twice Ferguson got off the bench and slammed his stick against the boards. Then he stormed off to the Montreal dressing room before the end of the game.

In the fifth game of the final series against the Black Hawks, MacNeil tried 14 different line combinations during the first two periods, and then tried eight more in the third. In spite of all this the Canadiens were shut out, losing 2-0. While most of the Montreal players privately agreed with Richard's postgame statements, they deplored his timing. "Why couldn't he have waited until the series was over?" one of them asked. "This could run us." Or, as Bobby Hull of the Black Hawks said, "Why now? Henri should have more sense than to blow his cool this close to the end."

Among other things, Richard's explosion triggered a number of telephone threats on MacNeil's life. Four plainclothes detectives were assigned to guard the coach—they even went to church with him—and more than 30 plainclothesmen were scattered throughout the crowd at the Montreal Forum for the sixth game of the series. "This doesn't bother me," MacNeil said. "I'm trying to win hockey games—and the Stanley Cup."

Richard, meanwhile, confirmed that he was not quoted and, in fact, said that his remarks had been "thought out for a long time." But even Henri admitted his timing was bad. "I should have kept my mouth shut until the cup

was over," he said. "Now I'm so nervous. There's so much pressure—on me and the coach. We have to win."

After Richard scored what proved to be the cup-winning goal in the last game, the Canadiens poured off the bench to congratulate him. Then, when the game was over, Richard and MacNeil embraced at center ice. "I will be a very sad man if he is not the coach when we report to training camp in September," Richard said on the Canadiens' flight back to Montreal. "He is a good man."

L'Affaire Richard aside, the Canadiens really won the cup because of the play of two rookies—Goalie Ken Dryden and Forward Rejean Houle, or Houle, as Bobby Hull's shadow was known in Chicago. "If it weren't for that Dryden," said Boston's Phil Esposito before the seventh game of the Montreal-Chicago series, "the Canadiens would have been on vacation five weeks ago."

Dryden entered the playoffs as the veteran of only six NHL games—all victories. Just up from the minors, he carried the Canadiens past the Bruins in the first round, played superbly against Minnesota in the second and then by thwarting the Black Hawks won the Conn Smythe Trophy as the most valuable of all the cup players. Ironically, according to the rules, Dryden still can win the Rookie of the Year award next season. "It's incredible," Dryden said on the Canadiens' champagne flight back home. "I never dreamed I'd be here this year."

Dryden's performance was typified by what he did during a four-minute stretch in the third period of the final game. Montreal was shorthanded throughout the stretch, but Dryden somehow made improbable saves on Stan Mikita, Bobby Hull and Eric Nesterenko, and then a killing stop on Jim Pappin.

In the first game Pappin had scored from just outside the crease to Dryden's right in the first minutes of a second overtime period to give the Hawks a 2-1 victory. Now he was in the same position again, with the puck in the middle of his stick. He shot. Dryden flicked out his right leg and the puck bounced into the corner of the rink. That one move seemed to destroy the Hawks.

Although Dryden is only 23 years old, he may not be the Canadiens' No. 1 goalie very long. In fact, he might play only a few more seasons of pro hockey. "I get out of law school next year," he

says. "Maybe I'll be able to combine the two—hockey and law—but if I can't, I'll have to make a decision. I'll have to decide what's best for my future." Dryden's immediate future is in Washington, D.C., where he will spend this summer working as one of Ralph Nader's staffers. "Now that should be really exciting," he says. Weren't the Stanley Cup playoffs exciting? "Sure," Dryden answers, "but when the game is over, everything is over."

While Dryden continually repulsed the Chicago shooters, Rejean Houle harassed Bobby Hull so effectively that throughout the seven-game series Hull scored only one goal while the teams were playing at equal strength. "Stopping Hull was the key to stopping the Hawks," defenseman J. C. Tremblay said after the final game. "When Bobby scores a lot, it seems all the other Hawks score a lot. And when he doesn't score much, they don't score much."

Houle, whose nickname is "Peanuts," admittedly hooked, cross-checked, tripped and held Hull, but he did it so discreetly that officials penalized him only five times during the series. "Hull could handle me like he handles his stick," said Houle, who spotted Bobby about 30 pounds, "but he is very fair, thank God."

The Canadiens' return to Montreal, while triumphant, was not as bombastic as might have been expected, mostly because the players were aware that Beliveau had pretty much decided to retire. "He shouldn't leave now," argued Tremblay. "Sure, he's almost 40, but did he play like a 40-year-old man in the cup? No. We ought to tell him he's only 30 so he'll stay around and play with us for 10 more years," Houle said. "We had six or seven rookies in the lineup for these playoffs. Before every game we'd get tight, but we would look over at Beliveau and then we would relax. Having him on your side really meant that everything would be all right somehow."

Beliveau and Richard now have played on 10 victorious Stanley Cup teams, more than any other players. "This one was the greatest," Beliveau said. "We weren't supposed to win. Oh, we could have quit. We could have quit that night Boston led us 5-1, but we didn't and we won. We could have quit when Chicago had us two down and led 2-0 after the first period in the third game. But we didn't. We never do."

So Beliveau is a winner again, and the Stanley Cup, after staying in Boston for a year, is back in Montreal. "The Stanley Cup," said Jean Beliveau, "always should be in Montreal." **END**



HERO KEN DRYDEN GETS CHAMPAGNE ANOINTMENT IN MONTREAL DRESSING ROOM

Two for the Aces in Taipei

After losing to the French in qualifying rounds, the Aces beat them handily in the finals to capture their second straight world title

By winning the world bridge championship for the U.S. for the second successive year, the Aces may have produced the final argument that will coax Italy's famous Blue Team out of retirement—the Blues might want to prove that they are still the greatest. But judging by the Aces' performance in the 18th Bermuda Bowl event—they beat a powerful French team 243-181 in the finals—even the Blue Team would have to be at its alltime best to regain the title.

Last week's triumph in Taipei was no walkover, however. To take the crown, the Aces had to top the first six-team field in the history of the championship—Australia was the new entry representing the South Pacific zone of the World Bridge Federation. They also had to whip a French team that put up a bitter fight—sometimes among themselves—right to the end.

Still, perhaps because of the language barrier, this seemed to be the lowest-keyed world championship in years. Two of the Chinese players were from the Philippines, so, except for the other four, no contestant spoke Chinese beyond "sheh sheh," which is about as close as anyone came to pronouncing "thank you." The waiters and other employees at the Mandarin Hotel, where the event was held, spoke something less than pidgin English. Players would order the same breakfast each morning, receive a smiling "yes" and then await the day's adventure of seeing what was brought other than the anticipated juice, toast and coffee.

The Mandarin has a beautiful garden, three dining rooms and a swimming pool that was—so sorry—under repair during the tournament. The result: not only no swimming but no pool-side backgammon and no place for informal socializing.

Taiwan's National Palace museum is one of the world's finest. It contains treas-

ures hustled from the mainland when the Communist take-over became inevitable. After seeing the museum, the temples and the lovely countryside, the wives of the players and other accompanying members of the various teams were taken to a pottery factory, where visitors were allowed to buy at wholesale prices. It was not until the same shoppers discovered Haggler's Alley—appropriately named, you may be sure—that they found the same things could be bought for even less.

There were political overtones to the championship from the moment the Chinese Ambassador to the U.N. spoke at the farewell dinner for those leaving from New York. "In Taiwan we do not invite the Americans to play Ping-Pong," he said. "We invite the world to play the greatest championship of the most intellectual of all games, contract bridge." Taipei's Mayor Kao opened the proceedings there with a similar reference. Then he went on to mention that Taipei had no student riots, that the people were all happy and that citizens need not fear to go anywhere in town at any hour of the day or night.

Nevertheless, Mayor Kao's speech caused a bit of concern to France's Jean-Michel Boulenger and Jean-Louis Stopps and to Ace Mike Lawrence, all of whom sport mod hairdos. Long hair is frowned upon by the government and short hair is enforced by the police to the extent that each station house has a barbershop where male tresses are clipped to an appropriate Chinese length. This applies also to girls for as long as they are in high school; their hair may never conceal the lobe of the ear. You can guess the age of most of Taiwan's young ladies by their hair length. Almost universally, they let their hair grow the moment they can show a high school diploma. The long-haired bridge players were reassured when told that these measures do not apply to foreigners. Should

police cut a foreigner's hair, it would only be an unfortunate mistake.

Though they occasionally made mistakes themselves, the Aces performed throughout like the seasoned pros they are. Carefully kept statistics on the play in the qualifying round showed Jim Jacoby-Bobby Wolff to be the top pair, Bob Goldman-Lawrence next most effective and Bob Hamman-Bill Eisenberg third. Occasionally teammates disagreed, but nothing really daunted the serenity of the Aces, not even this hand, the most distinctive one of the whole championship, in which the opponents bid and made a small slam in spades without the Chinese West even mentioning his nine-card diamond suit.

Dealer: North

Vulnerable: Neither

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 10 8		♠ A K Q J	
♥ K J 6 5 4 2		♥ Q N	
♦ 8 7 3		♦ Q	
♣ 8 3		♣ A Q J 9 7 6	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ 6 5 4 3		♠ 9 7 2	
♥ A J 10 9 8 6 5 4 2		♥ A 10 9 7 3	
♦ —		♦ K 10 6 5 2	

Bidding in open room

NORTH (Lawrence)	EAST (Clout)	SOUTH (Eisenberg)	WEST (DHL)
1 ♠	1 ♠	1 ♠	2 ♠
4 ♠	4 ♠	4 ♠	5 ♠
6 ♠	6 ♠	6 ♠	7 ♠

Elmer Hsiao's first-round double was conventional, showing at least five points in response to the forcing club opening. He never did find precisely the proper moment to introduce his diamonds, but it was just as well since Eisenberg, not quite visualizing West's distribution, led a trump. After that, declarer easily made all the tricks. Had Eisenberg had any notion of what was to appear in dummy, he might have led a heart, which would have rendered declarer helpless. Forced to trump in dummy prematurely, Conrad Cheng would not have been able to draw the outstanding trumps and still get back to it to make use of the diamond suit, so he would have gone down at least two tricks.

At the other table, the Chinese South, M. F. Tai, sacrificed at six hearts over West's six diamond bid on the following auction:

continued



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NORTH (Huang)	EAST (Hsu)	SOUTH (Lai)	WEST (Jacobs)
7 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	5 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

The doubled contract went down only two tricks to give Tai and Patrick Huang a big plus and the Chinese a net gain of 680 points or 12 IMPs.

But this happened late in the qualifying triple round-robin, when the Aces were playing for exercise and the Chinese were fighting to gain their fourth-place finish. The final standings in the qualifying round were:

Aces	228 Victory points
France	182
Australia	154
China	118
Brazil	103
North America	98

In that last line lies the mystery of the tournament. How could the second-fa-

vored team, captained by Lee Hazen and including Edgar Kaplan-Norman Kay, Lew Mathe-Don Krauss and Richard Walsh-John Swanson, finish so poorly? Hazen's wry explanation was, "We started off badly. After that our game fell off."

In trouble from the start, the Hazen team never shook off whatever hex China's dragons had cast. In the first session Swanson-Walsh were overwhelmed by a series of devastating experiences. To begin, they mistook the starting time and barely escaped a tardiness penalty. Then, play had hardly begun when a phone rang. An official picked it up and commanded, "No calls." Nevertheless, the phone rang again and again, and concentration was shattered. Meanwhile, Walsh and Swanson, having bid to a good contract, suddenly discovered that dummy had 14 cards—a mistake on the

part of the recording staff, so no penalty was exacted. Then Walsh passed out of turn—one of 10 such mishaps because only the Chinese players were familiar with the markings of the leather wallets in which the hands were held. Still later these same unfamiliar wallets were responsible for the Hazenites making 25 hearts on the same deal. Walsh and Swanson bid six hearts, making seven. The cards were then somehow switched, and on the replay their teammates also bid six hearts and just made it. No other pair at the other four tables bid the slam, but of course the board was thrown out and in the ensuing confusion no substitute was ever replayed.

The Aussies, given an outside shot at the finals, did not quite make it, although they set several records of their own, including use of the first husband-wife pair in championship play—Jim and Norma Borin. Borin invariably says, "Thank you, darling," when his wife tables the dummy. The other Aussies sometimes employ the same words when partner puts down a dummy that is rather less than expected.

The French proved formidable, with Pierre Jais and Roger Trézel, three-time world champions, returning to action, backed by Henri Svarc with Jean Michel Boulenger and Jean-Marc Roudinesco with Jean-Louis Stoppa. In the qualifying rounds they beat the Aces twice, and were unbeaten in their first match against each of the other teams. For a while they led the field, so although the Aces were favored in the finals, they were no shoo-in.

The first 16 deals of the 128-board final produced some of the best bridge of the tournament. The Aces, with Eisenberg and Hamman resting, narrowly outpointed France's feared foursome of Jais-Trézel and Svarc-Boulenger 16-9. The Aces took command in the second half of the session, however, scoring 55 IMPs to 18 for a 44-IMP lead. France rallied several times thereafter, cutting the Aces' margin to less than 30 during each of the last three quarters, but lost it all back on each occasion before the session ended.

It was a weary band of bridge pilgrims that left Taipei, the players exhausted from 12 full days of competition and everyone worn to a frazzle by that unsolved mystery of the Orient: what is Room Service bringing next? **END**



LONGHAIRS Jean-Louis Stoppa of France (left) and Ace Mike Lawrence, partnered by Jean-Marc Roudinesco and Bob Goldman, met in early round. Mod look was unpopular with cops.

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Honesty is what goes with poor. As in "My friends were poor, but honest" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 1) or "She was poor, but she was honest" (old Army ballad). Rodney George Laver learned honesty—also compassion, humility and a top-spin backhand—at his father Roy's knee and on the family's homemade tennis courts in the harsh bush country of Queensland, Australia. Roy Laver was a cattle rancher and poor enough, and you would have had to range far into the Outback to find a man more tastily honest than he. When Roy refused to accept his wedding portrait in 1919 it was because the photograph made him look too good. "I reckon that's not Roy Laver," he said. His wife Melba begged him to keep it. "It makes you look handsome," she said. "I reckon that's not Roy Laver," said Roy, closing off the debate.

Roy and Melba Laver came east for the first time the other day. They took leave from their home in Gladstone, near the Great Barrier Reef where the fishing is good, and the two of them came and discovered America as it is experienced by their son Rod, who is called "the Rocket." They lived in his new home continued

ROCKET HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

With his arsenal of high-powered shots, Rodney (Rocket) Laver is outasight—up, up and away ahead of anyone else who has ever played the game of tennis

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

in California, where they had a choice of seven bath-rooms and where they learned to shoot a game of pool and where there is a faded wedding portrait of Melba on the wall but none of Roy, and they traveled with Rod to Miami and Dallas and New York, and they watched without comment as grown men fawned over their son and pushed maroon Cadillacs on him to drive around and tried to pair him with Elke Sommer for mixed doubles. And they listened to the shuffle of thousands of dollars changing hands (to Rodney's from somebody else's) as Rod the Rocket ground out a living being the world's greatest tennis player.

And wherever they went Rod Laver pulled the chair out for his mother and opened the car door, and in the elegant supper clubs and country-club dining rooms ate every meal with his parents and saw to their needs and drove them places and deferred to them in conversation, and if they had noticed they would have seen that he never appeared uncomfortable that they were old, and the look of the Australian country was on them, standing out against the slick tapestry of the buckled-and-bowed society in which Rod now often moves. And that when most of the beautiful people were busy in the afternoon trying to rub elbows with Burt Bacharach or Dina Merrill, Rod was down on the beach, more or less alone, giving his legs a red (the Rocket does not tan).

Then, of an evening at the Aventura Country Club in Miami, before the pro tournament there, the Lavers sat at dinner and listened without a word as Cliff Drysdale, the tennis player from South Africa, told his favorite Honest Rod Laver story. Drysdale delights in Laver and happens to be some of the things that Rod is not. Glib, for example. And tall. And handsome. He is also not the tennis player Laver is, and over that he has no hangups because he is in the select company of everybody else. When approached after a match with Laver, Drysdale is likely to say, "Well, what would you like to know about Rodney Laver?"

Drysdale appreciates the sound of his own voice as it artfully rolls the words over his tongue, and he launched into a vignette about a time in Bristol, England when he actually defeated Laver in a match. He said those were moments to treasure, like births and graduations, and he remembered every minute. The conditions, to begin with, were terrible. They were playing in the morning "out in the scrub" (a distant court), and the net broke, and there was a delay to find the groundsman, and the umpire acted as though he wished he were somewhere else and was so bad they suggested he "let us call the game and we'll just write in the score."

Boiled down, the punch was this: there were three calls the umpire made that Laver overruled. Each one cost him a point and, ultimately, the match. "He needn't have done it," said Drysdale. "He needn't have opened his

mouth over any of them. But he did. I don't know anybody else who would have."

Old Roy Laver listened to this and nodded and maybe it was the slanting lights of the dining room but there was a glint in the corners of his eyes, as though something had been nudged high up under his rib cage. And later, sitting in the stands watching the Aventura finals in which, ironically enough, Drysdale caught Rod Laver on an off night and defeated him for the third time in 10 years, Roy Laver reviewed "all this" that he had seen of his son's life in America and said proudly, "Rodney is the same as you see him. He's the same Rodney."

The moral of the story being, of course, that there is nothing that says you have to be poor to be honest.

Rodney (Rocket) Laver, age 32, professional tennis player, won 13 championships and \$201,000 on the job last year, a figure roughly equivalent to what the President of the United States gets since his salary was doubled a Congress or so ago and a total unmatched even by those most affluent of international bourgeois sportsmen, the leading money-winners of professional golf. Except for Lee Trevino, there wasn't a golfer last season within the stretch of a \$50,000 bill of Laver, and Trevino was barely that.

To keep the wolf further from the door of his home in fashionable Corona del Mar, Calif., Laver also collected on some investments and received compensation in varying amounts for endorsing tennis rackets, shoes, socks and shirts, a ball machine, a calibrated exercise device and a new plastic tennis court called Uniturf (soon to be marketed under the name Laverturf), thereby raising him-



self to even dizzier heights on the American income-tax scale. At one point Laver was advocating a wooden racket in some countries and an aluminum one—now his consistent choice—in others. It gives an inkling of the pretty pass professional tennis has come to since the gypsy days of one-night stands and prize-money checks bouncing as high as the balls and Pancho Gonzales racing stock cars to make ends meet. Laver has already won \$195,000 this year ("Rude, isn't it?" he says), and Heaven knows what will prevent him from reaching \$300,000 because there appears to be no one on Earth capable.

The Laver house, his third in five years, impresses a beholder as being auspiciously wolfproof. A sprawling split-level, terraced out of a California rock ledge and designed almost like a boomerang with the cutting edge facing west, it offers a number of Cozinihan necessities, including fireplaces in the bedrooms, those seven bathrooms, a beautifully appointed bar in the billiard room downstairs and an unrestricted view of the Pacific near that roiling place surfers call The Wedge.

On a clear day you can see Catalina Island from the Laver patio or, in the opposite direction, rolling down the street in her Riviera, Mrs. Laver (Mary) as she heads for the antique shops of Newport Beach to pick up another Queen Anne period piece or a venerable Florentine painting or a 17th century clothes rack to hang Rod's underwear on in the master bath. "Rod's preference is to throw his underwear on the floor," says Mary Laver, in the way of defending her good taste and justifying her expensive ones. "It is a habit he picked up in hotel rooms."

Laver looked the rack over carefully (Mary had made

the purchase while he was off having a payday in Florida) and said it was quite a pile of furniture "just to hang a sweat suit or a pair of socks on." He promised to curb Mary's appetites one of these days, but he is by nature a kindly, indulgent man. He thanked her instead.

As a boy without a clothes rack in the cattle country of Rockhampton, the third and least likely-looking son of the tiny plug-along Aussie rancher Roy Laver, Rod learned tennis with sawed-off hand-me-down rackets and his brothers' secondhand shoes on courts the family laid on the property by pounding smooth wheelbarrows full of creek-bottom loam and the red crust from Outback anthills. Wherever the Lavers lived, they always scraped up a tennis court. Rod remembers that his older brothers beat him regularly and preoccupied his time on the court and that the dust got in his throat.

Now Rod Laver is the touring pro and part owner of the Newport Beach Tennis Club, where the facilities are numerous and dust-free, and John and Pilar Wayne are listed among the membership, and where Rod's adventures—victories, mostly, because Laver seldom bothers to lose anymore—are tabulated on a huge bulletin board under the heading "Rod's Doin's." And his 18-month-old son Ricky, knowing a more modern deprivation (a traveling duddy), gets his pick of a closet full of \$40 Laver autograph models. He rummages through until he finds the one he wants and drags it around by the hour, leaving trails in the deep pile rugs for his nursemaid to follow. When the mood strikes, Ricky is known to make determined, portentous swipes at a tennis ball (the Laver ground strokes seem to be in the blood) as he awaits the jets that bring his father home.

Unquestionably, Laver is the brightest of the 32-man constellation of touring stars that flies under the banner of World Championship Tennis. He gets invited to stay at posh hideaways like LeClub International in Fort Lauderdale, room and board on the house. Newly minted tennis patrons ply him with compliments and send wine to his room, and he aces the hearts of the beautiful people with his good humor.

Dinah Shore, his partner in a recent pro-celebrity at LeClub, calls him "such a dear. Oh, my, isn't he a fine person?" She was crestfallen when she couldn't play better for him. Spiro Agnew asks him questions about the game ("Intelligent questions, too," says Laver, "like, 'How do you handle Tom Okker's backhand drive?'"). Alan King, the comedian, invades his dressing room before a match to remind him, tongue half in cheek, how much the gang has riding on him in the doubles. King is a longtime tennis buff and thinks there is absolutely no one to compare with Rod Laver. He does an imitation of Laver missing a shot (being a rare thing, it is a rarely seen imitation) and, in a terse self-admonishment characteristically Australian, mimics Laver spitting at himself, "Bloody beginnah."

continued

In his wolfproof home, a contrived Laver poses for a mug shot.



Missed shots were not what got Rod Laver to Corona del Mar and LeClub International and into all those lovely hearts, however. What got him there was an arsenal of winners—backhand drives blurring the lines with topspin, fiendish drop shots jumping back into the net, slicing returns, thumping volleys, looping forehand placements, unnerving dinks, chips, stop volleys and pardon me but isn't that a ball in your ear? There is little doubt he is the most awesome shotmaker the sport has ever seen.

It has become admissible, even popular, to call Laver "the best player in the history of the game," as Lance Tingay, the distinguished lawn-tennis correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, did in 1969 after Laver completed his second Grand Slam—a sweep of the French, Australian, English (Wimbledon) and American (Forest Hills) championships. He won 31 straight matches that year, a record. He had first swept the big four in 1962 as an amateur, and only Don Budge, another freckle-faced redhead, had done it before him: in 1938, the year Laver was born. "Budge's Slam," as it became known, had taken on an almost ethereal quality, like sainthood, before Laver started making it look routine. Tilden hadn't done it; Kramer hadn't; Gonzales hadn't.

The Laver nickname, Rocket, is apt enough considering his style of play—fast, offensive, deadly—and unlike the garden-variety alliterative sports-page labels (Galloping Ghost, Splendid Splinter), it is a viable one that his fellow players use naturally, as in "Pass the biscuits, Rocket," or "Wanta hit a few, Rocket?" It can be assumed that none of Rod Grange's friends ever said, "Your shirtail is out, Galloping Ghost." Seeing Laver skirring across the baseline, his feet never quite touching down, his red hair suspended above him in a gossamer halo of flame, is to appreciate the value of a good nickname, and Laver accepts it willingly enough. But true to form, he is no perpetrator of illusions. He says the name originated as derision from his old Australian coach, Harry Hopman, in days when he (Laver) was more rookie than rocket, much as Ken Rosewall got to be called "Muscles" before he really had any.

Otherwise, to describe Laver is to risk cliché. That is because writers seeing him for the first time do not believe him at all—a pale specimen, just 5' 8", bowlegged as a cowhand and thin except for a left arm (the business arm) so overdeveloped it appears to have been grafted on, a transplant from a stevedore. Efforts to detail the legions of freckles marching across his body, and the ears that jut out and the nose that arcs a path before him have moved type-writers to paroxysms of description. Obviously he is not Pancho Gonzales.

Laver takes it all in good humor. He says a head transplant is a chancy solution. He says he is pleased that son Ricky does not have the Laver nose, but "I understand you don't get all that's coming to you until you're 14, so

he's not safe yet." He says the sun doesn't help his freckles any, only enhances their presence, leaving him paler still behind them, and if he eats a lobster tail or a crustacean of any sort he blossoms into hives, more or less proving that when God meant a man to be plain He meant him to be plain. Laver admits, however, to being a trifle weary of comparisons with various small animals and flying things. He thought "prehistoric bird," for example, was a bit much.

There is, despite some metamorphosis, nothing rocketlike in Laver's personality. "Steady" would be a better word for that. He is still a shy man, the honest reflection of his parents. He bites and tears at his fingernails until they look like shreds of coconut. The cocktail hour is liable to find him in bed watching *Gower Pyle*. His speeches are marked mainly by the guts he shows in delivering them. At the Jordan Marsh department store in Miami, addressing a small crowd on the merits of his new Chemold racket, he dropped the racket. He seems completely at ease only in private or in his natural habitat—on the tennis court—and he will run to get there even if it is only to practice.

He celebrates with beer or a good wine. If it is Wimbledon, maybe champagne. The only time he orders a bucket of ice in a hotel room, says Mary, is when he has a sore elbow to pack, and at those times when there really was something to celebrate and he and Mary danced till dawn he admitted his dancing "was mostly faking it."

But expose yourself long enough to Rod Laver and a remarkable thing happens. He begins to look, well, better. Plain, he becomes almost handsome. Small, he appears to have grown. Character and strength, the major working parts of an attractive man, begin to stand out. Usually they stand out on the center court. At Forest Hills, say.

A friend, remembering Laver's victory there in 1969, the final leg of the Slam, said you could see it in the eyes. Sky-blue and softly lashed, they appear vulnerable to the smallest slight when he is off the court. On the court they narrow and grow hard, and the color drains. "He was playing Tony Roche in the finals," the friend recalls, "and we were all out together the night before, having a drink, relaxing, nothing special. John Newcombe had been quoted as saying, 'Laver would rather play anybody but Tony Roche,' probably because Roche was hot at the time and he is a left-hander, too, and Rod had had his troubles beating Roche. When the writer from *The New York Times* asked Laver about it, Rod said, 'When did Roche ever beat me when it was important?' I told Rod the statement was unlike him, and he said, 'Pretty cheeky, wasn't it?' He was almost apologetic. But he meant what he had said. You can't psych Laver.

"So the next day they were on the court at Forest Hills just before the finals and I caught Roche's eye. He smiled. Then I caught Laver's eye. Nothing. Instant shutout. Two

continued

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steel beads looking out of an icebox. I remembered what Earl Buchholz told me. He said, 'Rod's a nice guy, all right, but he's no fun to play with.' Rod beat Roche in four sets. In less than two hours."

Laver says he has been getting a lot of good-sounding advice lately about how he should relax more. Not be so intense. Smile. He says he's been giving it a try. "It used to be I would never call to a bloke, 'Good shot.' Instead I would say to myself, 'I'm not going to give him the benefit of my saying it.' Now I find myself acknowledging good shots, and there's a little dialogue, and it is a good thing.

"But what is there to smile about? That's not what I do best. I like to play attractive tennis, not just bloop the ball over. I talk to myself a little bit and throw a racket occasionally, but I don't perform at the expense of winning. I never wanted to be the center of attraction, to be in the middle of anything. I think, as a breed, Australians are that way. Rosewall, Stolle, Emerson—they do not run around trying to make a show. Are you more popular if you're outspoken? Are you less popular if your color is the same through life, instead of red one minute and blue the next? Open your mouth too often and what you will probably reveal is your ignorance. I don't think of myself as shy because of that. Maybe I was shy as a youngster, but I don't think of myself as shy now. Quiet, maybe."

There is a phrase Australian tennis players use that has to do with caring. The phrase is "I'm all right, Jack," and it means not caring at all about others. As it is explained by Laver, "I'm all right, Jack" is what the guy who just drove off with the rental car shouts to the three guys left standing on the curb.

It is not likely that Laver has ever been called Jack, or sucker. Neither is he considered a practicing gamesman—he does not tie his shoelaces when the other guy is ready to serve or call time to change socks when he's tired. He has a reputation, rather, for being a sporting man who wouldn't know an alibi from an alligator. Andres Gimeno, the stylish Spanish four veteran, remembers a time in Uganda when he had experienced a startling success against Laver. "I was beating him badly, and I began thinking to myself, 'My, you are playing well.' It is not until we get to the dressing room I see he has a very bad toe. I say, 'You should have told me, Rocket. You should have said, 'Don't make me look bad. I am injured.' Rocket replied, 'I thought I could beat you anyway.'"

Not everybody swoons at the drop of Rod Laver's name, of course. In Australia there are those who resent his success and declare he has become money hungry (Australians like to kick a guy when he's up) and tennis officials there knock him openly for not coming back more often to participate in Australian events, as valueless as most of them are to professional players. They say he owes it to the country. Laver says he

paid back that debt with four Davis Cup championships. "When does a man get level?" he asks.

Occasionally, too, a linesman feels the lash of Laver's tongue—e.g., "If you're not going to pay attention, why are you sitting there?"—even though he is a devout non-complainer who believes it bad philosophy to challenge linesmen. Reporters who have failed to break his reserve liken him to a brick: "Take a brick and a saucer. Squeeze the brick over the saucer. See all that water in the saucer? That's what you get out of Rod Laver."

There are times when Laver's courtly manners crumble in the face of a dumb or routine question. At Aventura, after he had lost to Drysdale, a tall, thin young reporter who had apparently learned his tennis in the bleachers at Yankee Stadium asked such a question and Laver, alone at his locker, referred him to a knot of reporters surrounding Drysdale. "Don't you want to talk with him first, like the others?" Laver said. "I'm with an afternoon paper," said the young man, "and my questions won't be the ones they'll ask." Laver said, "I guarantee you that question you just put to me will be asked," and turned away.

Though a nonmixer, Laver gets along well enough with all the touring pros. He is especially close to his doubles partner, Roy Emerson, who also lives in the Newport Beach area. But there was a time when Laver did not get along with Pancho Gonzales. Bud Collins, a Boston writer with whom Laver has written a book to be published this month, says that it began with a typical Pancho play: "They were introduced, and when Laver reached out to shake hands Pancho gave him one of those Gonzales nods and left him there with an empty hand. Rod realizes now it was one of those psych things of Pancho's, a kind of gamesmanship, but it got to him."

Laver beat Gonzales for the first time at the Longwood Cricket Club in 1964. Pancho stormed off the court in a rage. After that, says Laver, they had their share of verbal locker-room battles, standing nose to necktie (Gonzales is 6' 3") and shouting at each other, usually over some tactic of Pancho's that irritated Laver.

But one night in Bogotá, says Laver, "it was me who acted the idiot—I slammed the ball around, threw rackets, complained about calls. Pancho couldn't wait to tell me off. He said, 'You're the worst. You're worse than I am and you're always complaining about me.' I said, 'Pancho, I quit complaining about you because I gave up on you long ago.' We kept yelling at each other.

"But you learn to understand Pancho. He's a great showman. He's psyching you all the time. You're ahead 3-1 and he's saying, 'Take it easy on an old man,' or 'Are you ever going to miss a forehand?' And then he gets the crowd laughing with something he has said, and suddenly he has ruined your concentration. Before you find it again he's put three in a row past you.

continued

"Fred Stolle would fall for it every time. He'd end up trying to clown with Pancho. Pancho would crack a few jokes and Stolle would join in and they were both very funny. A circus. I told Fred, 'You can't do that with Pancho. He's laughing and he's beating hell out of you. It's costing you money.'"

Those players who must face the swarm of shots that make up the Laver repertoire (the reader can only imagine that experience, but it is something like trying to fend off a hornet with a kite stick) are free to blame a wily Australian pro named Charlie Hollis for their discomfort. Hollis ran a sporting-goods store in Northampton and gave lessons to the Laver boys, and for years carried on a running argument with Roy Laver as to which of the boys was going to be the best player. "Rodney was the freak of the family, the only lefthander," says Roy. "I always said Trevor would be the best because he had very nice strokes. Hollis said no, because Trevor had my disposition—he blew up a lot. Rodney was like his mother. Calm. Under control."

The brothers got up at five a.m. on school days, rode their bikes to town and sent Rod creeping into Charlie Hollis' room to lift some practice balls from the box under his bed. That way they could get in a few hits before the 6.30 lesson. Rod recalls a day when "Hollis told me if I was going to get anywhere I'd have to learn to put top spin on my backhand. I was too small to hit the ball flat. It's the one advantage a taller player has: the angle, especially on the serve. Even today if I serve as hard as I can it won't stay in without top spin. I can't see the baseline except through the net."

To get spin Laver became a very wristy player. "It doesn't bother me anymore, but as a teen-ager I would flick the ball so much in practice, trying for angles and spin, that my arm would ache for days. It's the basis of my game, spin. Not consistency, as some people have said. Consistency to me is putting 10 balls back to the same place, one after another. That's boring. I'd rather put backspin on one, top spin on another, drop-shot a third. If I had to spend all my time blooping the ball back like a puddler I'd give up the game. Spin keeps me excited.

"I was always close. Even at 12 or 14, I was never over the fence with shots. Watching the ball was a problem; hitting the ball too hard was a problem. Every shot cannot be a winner, but you eventually learn that. Arthur Ashe hasn't yet. Ashe will try to hit a winner every time. Even when it is not there to hit. He's brave enough to hit one at 15-40, and he does it. But you cannot do it every time. I play Ashe and I try not to give him easy points. I give him a lot of chaps and I concentrate on returning service properly. The first time I played him he won the opening set 6-1. Zipped right through me in 12 minutes. Then he began to miss, and he never adjusted. I won the

next set 6-2, and the last 6-0.

"I have found my size to be more an asset than a weakness. When you are small and reasonably quick you rarely get caught off balance. Big men like Gonzales get caught having to make a shot in half stride. Instead of a lot of little steps, they take great big ones. They use up more energy starting and stopping and starting again."

From Charlie Hollis, and those pleasant Sunday afternoons of tennis on the Laver courts when the folks would come from 20 miles around to forget their troubles with a beer and a set or two, Rod passed into the more somber province of Harry Hopman, the Davis Cup captain. Hopman taught him tactics; Hopman taught him discipline. Hopman imposed curfews ("I missed one by 20 minutes and he fined me \$20"). Hopman forbade

press interviews ("If a story quoting a player made the papers, he said he would fine the player and ban the writer"). Hopman insisted not only on a sound mind and body but a clean uniform at practice ("Come dirty and you ran extra laps").

Hopman treated the Australian stars like children. He made them practice when they did not want to. Run when they did not want to. The players said, "That bloody Hop. I'd like to choke him." Naturally, Laver loved every minute. What punishment was an extra half hour to him? He loved to practice. "It was a challenge to see if I could hit as well the last 10 minutes as I did the first hour," Laver says today.

With Hopman at the controls, Laver's amateur career was an express to the moon. An overseas tour at 18, and



Wife Mary usually sets her sights on more expensive objects

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junior championships in America, Canada and Australia; Davis Cup squad in 1957; finalist at Wimbledon in 1959, at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills in 1960; Davis Cup bellwether as Australia swept in 1960, 1961 and 1962; Wimbledon champion and ranked No. 1 in 1961; Grand Slam in 1962.

In 1963 Laver turned pro. Considering his burgeoning bank account, the decision would seem, from this end, academic. In truth, it required agonizing appraisal. "Quit the amateurs in those days and everybody thought you were over the hill," Laver said one afternoon as he sat in the middle of his bed at LeClub, rewinding the grip on one of his aluminum rackets. Half a dozen more were fanned out on the bed around him, like fish to be cleaned, together with a surgical kit consisting of a small pair of scissors and a roll of friction tape. Laver was in a bathing suit, bare to the waist. *Gomer Pyle* flickered on the television screen.

"The pros had all the best players. The amateurs were called the best, but people didn't know better. Harry Hopman did not want me to turn pro. Neither did the Australian Lawn Tennis Association. It had a deal lined up with Philip Morris. A public-relations job. I couldn't see myself pushing cigarettes the rest of my life."

Laver hefted the racket he had been working on. Something in its bowels—the weight, the added tape—displeased him and he began to unwrap the grip again.

"They said I wanted to turn pro for selfish reasons. Fair enough. If I ran my business the way the Australian Lawn Tennis Association ran its I'd be bankrupt. Its idea of taking care of Davis Cup players was air fare and \$5 a day. Go away from Australia and you lived like a nomad. You traveled on a shoestring, and when you won the Davis Cup and came home the association people would say, 'Good show, Rod, you're our boy, here's your five dollars. Go buy some ice cream.' I figured one day I'd wake up and be 45 years old and where would I be?"

Laver cut a strip of friction tape with the scissors and carefully wrapped a place on the handle, hefted the racket again and began once more to reapply the grip.

"You could make money in the amateurs if you were good enough. Roy Emerson didn't turn pro until he was 32 because he thought he could do better as an amateur. But you had to bargain around. Make agreements with promoters. Go through the back door. 'I'll need \$1,500 to come to your tournament,' that's the way it was done. Everybody knew it. Nobody said anything because they all had something on each other. And maybe six or eight players could clear \$500 a week. It wasn't spread around enough so it wasn't fair. The top players got what they wanted whether they reached the finals or not, and the promoter would say to the next guy, 'I'm sorry but there's none left.'"

"So a lot of guys who made good money then wouldn't

turn professional because they knew they would have to earn it as a pro. Some of them wouldn't get out of bed for less than \$1,000. That was Sedgman's price. Santana picked up his rackets at five o'clock in Berlin one afternoon and announced he was leaving. 'Dinner will be ready at six,' he said.

"There is no meaning to that kind of tennis. And the amateur officials didn't try to help you any. All they cared about was keeping you from turning pro. 'You're a pro, you're a bad guy.' I didn't want to end up with my head in the toilet 25 years later. I wanted to make my living in tennis, and I wanted the challenge. I wanted to play the best, play Rosewall and Hoad and Gonzales and Trabert, though he was past it then. I wanted to know, 'Am I No. 1 or No. 4?'"

Laver hefted the racket again. This time it satisfied him. He picked up another. A friend who had been watching the operation stuck a piece of friction tape on top of one of the rackets and asked him to close his eyes and pick out the racket with the extra weight. "You ought to be able to find it," said the friend. "It probably weighs at least a hundredth of an ounce more." Laver closed his eyes and began to lift the rackets, one at a time, weighing each one in his mind. When he had felt them all, he reached back, eyes still shut, and said, "This one," holding up the racket with the tape on the end.

When he signed a three-year \$110,000-guarantee contract with Jack Kramer's professional group in 1963, Rod Laver was the first top amateur to join the Professionals in four years. The professional game had been dying on the vine. Unconvinced fans were staying home in droves, Laver's coming was supposed to be the shot in the bank pro tennis needed.

Laver discovered a few things as a professional those first months. He discovered losing, for example. Hoad and Rosewall may have been on the vine but they weren't dying. They beat him 19 of the first 21 times he faced them. By the second year, however, the Rocket was into its next stage and coming fast. And one afternoon at Wembley before an uncommonly large crowd of 10,000, he defeated Rosewall in five sets "and realized then I could win as a pro. Kenny had me 5-3 in the fifth set. I strung a bunch of returns together, broke service and won, 7-5. They said it was the best match England had ever seen."

By 1965 Laver had established his superiority. But though the money was there—he had equalled his guarantee before the third year—the scrounging for it was terrific, taxing the players' stamina and interest. Over one period Laver played 70 matches in 3½ months. He played in five countries in 27 days. Night appearances often dragged into the morning, to one or two a.m., and the plane to the next town left at six. They played in arenas where the lighting system was a 250-watt bulb over the center court, hang-

continued

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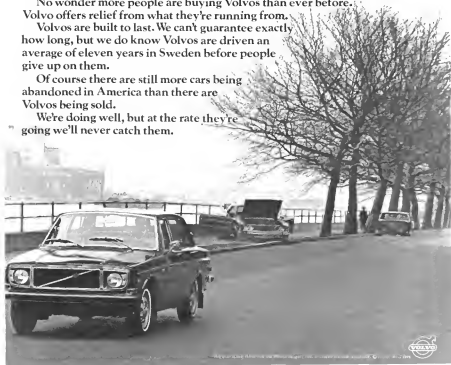
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ing down, or a light in each corner, shining in their eyes. The crowds were often dominated by curiosity seekers, clients of the sponsoring land developer who had brought the pros in to push real estate. There was no continuity to the game. No glory. No security.

And finally, one night in Grenoble, Laver came within an ace of packing in.

"I was out on the court and it hit me: 'What the hell am I doing here? I don't feel like playing. I don't want to play.' The floor was poorly lit, with tapes marking the lines. The balls were like rocks. They would hit the tape and skid. The fans were way back beyond a bicycle track, and when the ball ran off the court it ran for 50 yards. You made a good shot and four people clapped. I thought, 'They don't care, why should I?' Mental fatigue. You know the guy across the net is trying to beat you, and you have your reputation and your pride, and it still doesn't come, and then you start making the wrong shots or not making any shots at all. It stops being fun then, and tennis had always been fun to me. I lost and all I cared about was that it was over. I was sick of it all."

The feeling passed, of course. And Laver acknowledges that "the one-night stands made a better player of me. I never saw the bottom of a suitcase, but I had the best competition possible. In the amateurs you might have two tough matches in an entire tournament. This was a tough match every night—Hoad one night, Rosewall the next and so forth. I had to get better."

So, ultimately, did playing conditions. A banker in Boston named Ed Hickey had a 12-year-old daughter who had met Laver and liked watching him play in his floppy white hat and she couldn't understand why the big amateur tournament at Longwood didn't have him in it. The banker began to wonder, too, and one dollar led to another until he had his bank putting together a \$10,000 pro tournament. "It seemed like 10 million," says Laver. The Longwood tournament is currently the \$50,000 U.S. Pro Championship. And in 1968 holy Wimbledon opened its doors to the pros, and the other major tournaments followed. World Championship Tennis, headed by Lamar Hunt, then absorbed the National Tennis League and the

guts of the pro tour became a series of \$50,000 tournaments. Touchdown.

To make the new life even more pleasant, Laver had taken a wife. During a layover in Los Angeles he had noticed a girl with a deep tan at a club there. "The girl," says Mary Laver, "was me." She says she had an idea that his heart belonged to Mary the day Rod went home to Australia from South Africa by way of Los Angeles.

The best way to play Rod Laver today would appear to be in 1981. There are those who do not agree he dominates the game. These people are known as "dehards."

Dennis Ralston, for example, says, "Laver does not dominate. Ten or 12 of us on the pro tour could beat him." Ralston has beaten Laver twice in 14 matches. "You know the guy's the best in the world, you just don't know if he's going to be the best tomorrow," says Arthur Ashe. Ashe has never had a tomorrow and they have played 13 matches.

Obviously having to face the Rocket gets to a man after a while. Even beating him does not swell a confidence for very long. Immediately after upsetting Laver at Aventura, Cliff Drysdale was heard to say, "You have not seen Rodney at his best."

Most of the theories on how to cope with Laver start off positively enough, then lapse into sighs of introspection. "You always think you can beat Rocket," says Gimeno, "but you know you will not if he is the real Rocket." Gimeno holds to an interesting theory that Laver hits the ball sooner than anybody else, a fraction of a moment that makes the difference. Roche says there is nowhere to attack Laver because he is dangerous both forehand and backhand, deep or at the net. Rosewall says Laver's shots from impossible, unorthodox positions boggle the concentration. Gonzales used to talk about the Laver "discipline" and how it "wears you down."

It is generally agreed that only Tony Roche comes near to having the assortment of flavors Laver can produce, and only Lew Hoad, among recent players, was capable of as much maddening spin.

The special ingredient in Laver's game could well be something entirely different from all these things. The



Sou Ricky gets personal attention from Jee-Seung father.

symptoms of that ingredient are these: when Laver is behind, he appears to be—he *is*—more dangerous; when he is forced into the extremes of the court, into the corners, he has an astonishing faculty for drawing back and ripping through his best shots. There is a suspicion around that he is only at his best when he is behind and has to rally. He seems always to be making it back from 15-40, or two sets to love.

On a plane ride to Los Angeles one afternoon recently, Laver took stock of these phenomena and agreed that at those most precarious times a kind of calmness settles over him; and whereas before he might not have made a certain shot, or in the previous set he had been drab and inconsistent, he comes to the realization that "they can't shoot you if you lose," and the pressure dissolves. Then, the blitz.

"If I'm in trouble, I attack. It's my game. If I have the choice—play this ball back, just dump it back or try to hit it out—I go for the winner. Why just lob it back? You're liable to miss either way. Why go down with an easy shot? Better to put more pressure on the other player. Make him wonder what you are going to do.

"Sometimes in those situations I don't know what I'm going to do, but I do know I'm going to make the effort. I'm going to go for everything. Unless you give it a good run, how do you know if you can make the shot? I have hit a lot of silly-looking shots, balls off the end, drives off the throat, that were winners because I didn't give up on a ball. After a while, it can become a psychological thing. Run one down at 15-40 and make it, and you are only a point from being even. If you have hit a winner under pressure like that when the other guy thinks you wouldn't dare, you have got something else going. You've got him thinking.

"So even in practice I go for everything. Even balls that are way out—wide, off the fence, anywhere. Even a drop shot I have to take on the second bounce. A lot of the boys just catch the ball when it's out. How do they know the next time they're in an awkward position they'll be able to return one that's at their feet or past them? You might not look good doing it, but how you get the racket there doesn't matter. The fact you get it there does.

"I don't let the past bother me. I try to forget bad calls as soon as they happen. I don't want them to nag me. If a call is wrong in my favor, I say so and clear my conscience. If I double-but one, I say so, or say no if I don't think I did, and then I think ahead."

There are moments when Laver's brilliance on the court is so sharply defined, so beautifully conceived, that the witness of it crowds a man's throat with pleasure and even the most unsophisticated tennis audience is heard to gurggle and ah! In a match against Drysdale, there were those moments. There was a time when the two of them were at the net, ebbing and flowing like waves in a bath-

tub, probing hard for an advantage, and Drysdale put in a drop shot that was unretrievable. Except Laver retrieved it, and not only manufactured a better model but pulled it off cross-court, angling it away, and when it struck down it was within inches of the net and running back. Drysdale dropped his racket and applauded with the crowd.

And there was a moment of sheer madness in the next set when Drysdale slammed him deep, then accepted Laver's return lob and slammed him again; then again; then had to wait again as Laver miraculously retrieved and lobbed it back, except this time with such fantastic spin the ball appeared to U-turn in the air, and when it came down it was so deep to the baseline that Drysdale's return was softened. Laver had him. Down the line he came with a scorching top-spin backhand that, were it allowed loose on a city street, would have been arrested as a fire hazard.

There are times even on his second service that Laver puts so much kick on the ball that even an old playing partner like Emerson has to jump to keep from being clipped on the chin. There are times, as he floats across the baseline, that Laver's ability to get to shots defies physics. "Experience gets you there," Laver says. "Experience and anticipation. Reflex makes the shot."

Laver says his reflexes are sound as ever; there are no signs of deterioration in his compact little body, and he notes, with some pride, that Drysdale appeared more tired than he after one match. Drysdale is 30, two years younger. The hurts and sicknesses Laver has suffered—yellow jaundice as a boy, tennis elbow, some vertebrae floating in his back that must occasionally be pampered by a chiropractor—have been spaced out almost as if by design and have never given his rivals false hope.

There are times, however, when he gets tired of talking about tennis, when the common denominator that got him the acquaintance wanes as a topic and he hears himself answering "That's a secret" to some sincere interrogator who wants to know how to correct a flaw in his own game by adopting this or that grip, stroke or incantation. "I'm not really trying to be flip," Laver says. "I just can't envision helping a fellow if I don't know for sure that he's not holding the racket between his legs."

There are times, too, when he talks wistfully about having his own plush tennis camp for advanced young players, in Atlantic City, say, where he would become a gentleman tennis teacher. It would be nice, he says, to be considered the greatest tennis player who ever lived, but he reckons there is, after all, no way of telling. And a fellow has to think about the time when he must leave being the best to some other bloke. Honest.

But right now, you see, there is this book to promote, and some razor blades that haven't been endorsed yet. And if it is really true that the great Tilden could put four out of five right on the baseline, wouldn't it be nice to see if you could do it nine out of 10?

END



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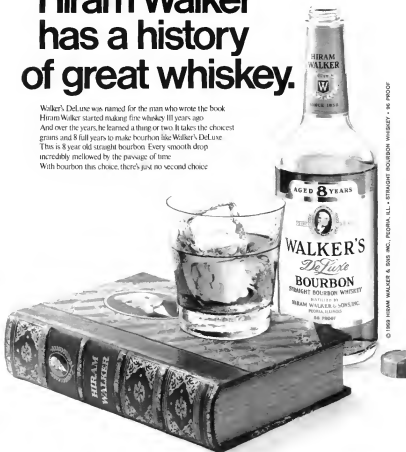


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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ENGLAND'S CIVIL WAR

Sirs:

Any Football Association Cup final in soccer-mad England is a dramatic struggle but when, as Hugh McLintyre points out (*But the South Shall Rise Again*, May 17), the final brings together North and South, Wembley becomes a battlefield. Among the 100,000 fans that fill the venerable stadium, only a handful of titled visitors in the royal box can claim impartiality.

The Liverpool-Arsenal clash was the second classic North-South Cup battle in two years, and the Arsenal won made it two in a row for the Rebels. The 1970 struggle between London's Chelsea side and Leeds United was an epic that took two overtime games to decide (*One Reply Thor Got Away*, May 11, 1970). The Arsenal supporters pictured in 51 seem timed in comparison with the Chelsea partisans of a year ago.

The South will remember Arsenal, but it will not forget Chelsea.

PETER SHURE

Hamilton, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thanks for your article on the English soccer rivalry. I am constantly amazed that this sport, the most popular in the world, hasn't received more coverage. It is a shame that America's public is oriented to football for should we say "armored rugby," since it is a game played by 250-pound hulks whose only interest is to smash the opponents before they themselves get flattened), basketball and baseball, and hasn't even noticed soccer except to throw us off the fields during the spring baseball season. Those who scoff at the game don't know the stamina required to keep up with the constant running of a good team. I dare say that most baseball and football players don't have it.

I'm looking forward to more articles on American as well as European and British soccer.

JERRY COLMAN

Wyndmoor, Pa.

PHOTO FINISH

Sirs:

In light of the fact that both Marty Liquori and Jim Ryan were officially clocked in 3:54.6 in the Dream Mile in Philadelphia (*A Dream Comes True*, May 24), we think your readers might be interested to know the results as recorded by the Bulova Accutron Photometer, which was used to assist the judges at the International Freedom Games.

Measuring according to the new torso

rule, the Photometer picture shows Liquori finished in 3:54.54 while Ryan finished in 3:54.75—a difference of more than .2 second.

These times are unofficial, of course, but we find them interesting because usually, though not in this case, the times recorded by the Photometer are slower than those recorded by the officials. (Most timing officials tend to be slow on depressing the stopwatch plunger at the start but fast, or anticipatory, on depressing the plunger at the finish.)

WILLIAM GOWEN

Bulova Watch Company

New York City

SET SHOT

Sirs:

I opened your May 17 issue like a lion, ready to pounce on you with a thunderous critical letter about the absence of a volleyball article after the 1971 nationals. After reading about frontenis, a sport which, admittedly, only a couple of dozen people in the U.S. play, I was really steamed. But I decided to finish the magazine before exploding on paper.

Then I turned to the article on page 72, *First Step for the U.S. on the Road to Hawaii*, and I was so surprised and excited that I forgot to feel ashamed for my premature criticism. I do now, and I thank you for a fantastic article on the world's most fantastic game.

RICH BARROWS

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

The article by Joe Jares on the U.S. Volleyball Association championships at Binghamton, N.Y. was excellent. Considering how little recognition this outstanding sport receives, you are to be commended by all volleyball enthusiasts. My only disappointment was that you didn't give the women's competition more coverage. The performance of these teams was as outstanding as any of the men's. Terry Condron of the champion L.A. Renegades-Red, who was selected as the Rookie of the Year as well as being named to the All-America team and pro-Olympic squad, competed in the finals with a sprained ankle, no small feat when you consider the constant jumping and diving demands of this sport.

Many other girls turned in standout performances during the four-day competition, and they certainly drew the applause from the crowds for their many thrilling plays. The U.S. will be well represented at the Pan-Am and Olympic Games.

PATRICIA DUPREE

Johnstown, N.Y.

Sirs:

At last a real, honest-to-goodness article about volleyball. It will be of interest to thousands of Noon League types as well as thousands of the more highly skilled players of which the Binghamton affair was comprised.

We mildly criticize your amplification that the Olympic volleyball committee was a millstone around Coach Al Scates' neck. "Skulking" you called our observing. After all, we are the same people who have been around in the stands observing, taking notes, cheering the good plays and groaning at some decisions when there were no Olympic selections being made. We don't need to skulk and we sure as heck don't increase the pressure on players who are interested in being observed for their potentiality.

MIRTON H. KENNEDY

U.S. Volleyball Association

Evansville, Ill.

DENVER'S OLYMPICS

Sirs:

We were stunned by your recent Scorecard entry, "Local Option: No Sleds" (May 10). With justification, the staging of the 1976 Winter Olympic Games is being questioned by the Colorado public. The bobsled run that you insist must be built somewhere would cost at least \$1 million to construct and would remain a little-used eyesore on the already threatened scenic lands of Colorado. Californians balked at constructing a bobsled run at Squaw Valley for the same reasons Colorado legislators have cited: too great an expense for minimal use.

As for what Denver must do to fulfill its pledges to the IOC, Denver never had a voice in making these pledges. The proposal for staging the Olympics in Colorado was put together by a small group of businessmen and government officials who based their sales pitch on incomplete assumptions about site selection, finance and suitability of existing facilities. Neither the people of Denver nor of Colorado were consulted through the democratic process on whether they wanted the Olympics. Once the announcement of Denver's "award" was made, many voices rose against the potential hazards to the environment as well as the enormous financial burden. The Denver Olympic Committee has given only vague answers to the public outcry. Its members obviously sold themselves as well as the IOC on dreams that do not endure careful scrutiny.

MR. and MRS. RICHARD DREW

Denver

ROAD RUNNERS

Sirs:

I'd like to set you, Ralph Garr and the Atlanta Braves straight on who is the

contender

Sports Illustrated

invites you to TAKE A LESSON FROM CLYDE ALLEN



CLYDE ALLEN?

Clyde Allen is a teaching pro, and until a friend told us about him a while ago, we'd never heard of Clyde Allen either. He's never won a major tournament (or even played in one). He's never hit a golf ball on television and this is the first time his name has ever appeared in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. In fact, about all Clyde Allen has done for the past 20 years is teach an amazing number of people how to play a better game of golf— youngsters just starting out, high-handicap weekend golfers, ladies and seniors.

There's nothing fancy about Clyde's approach to golf—no gimmicks, no complex theories or techniques, no multi-colored diagrams. Just a simple, person-to-person method of instruction based on years of practical teaching experience. As he puts it, "I believe anyone can develop the feel of a good basic golf swing. Once you understand what you are trying to do and how you are going to do it, you can consistently hit the ball better—longer and straighter—with any club. The important thing is not to worry about what you're doing wrong, but to concentrate on doing just a few fundamental things right."

We think Clyde Allen's approach to the game is so sensible and so refreshing that we asked him to record two lessons for us, one on the basic golf swing and another on the short game. These are real lessons—not just a few tips from a touring pro or elaborate explanations of golf theory—but solid professional instructions from a teaching pro who talks to you the way he would if he met you for a half-hour lesson on the practice tee. The only important difference is that you can take these lessons at home—at your own convenience in your living room or den. And you can take them over and over again—before you play each round, after you've come in, or during the week when you just feel like swinging a club for a few minutes.

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Side #1 includes gripping the club, addressing the ball, stance posture, taking the club away, the "feel" of a correct back swing, shifting your weight, body and shoulder turn, the downswing, striking the ball, and follow through. Side #2 provides some positive thoughts on such negative items as hooking, slicing, shanking, and swaying.

LESSON 2

Fundamentals of the Short Game
Side #1 starts with stance, address and distribution of weight, knee flex, shifting your grip, and then goes into taking the club away, backswing, downswing, tempo, and sinking the ball. Side #2 covers such important refinements to your overall game as mental preparation, looking up, club selection, wind, favorite clubs, and golf etiquette.

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19TH HOLE *columnist*

real "Road Runner" of the National League (*Two Beeps, a Cloud of Dust*, May 10). It just so happens that long before anyone ever heard of Ralph Garr, Pittsburgh's Manny Sanguillen was burning up the base paths. Manny is the fastest catcher in the National League, and he has been known as the Road Runner ever since he joined the Pirates.

As for Garr's batting average, he should take a look at who finished third in the league last season. So all this talk about it being illegal for any other athlete to use "Road Runner" as a nickname really means nothing, since the real Road Runner isn't even involved.

ELLEN FORNEY

Somerset, Pa.

Sirs:

The Oakland A's Campy Campaneris is baseball's original Road Runner. Campy has been called that for years and has earned the nickname by leading the American League in base stealing five of the last six seasons. Granted, Ralph Garr is a promising young ballplayer, but let him be christened with an original nickname. There is only one Road Runner in baseball, and he plays for Oakland. Beep, beep!

CHAD A. ANDERSON

Woodland, Calif.

Sirs:

Don Delliquanti's short article on Atlanta's Ralph Garr was of interest to me. As an avid Syracuse Chiefs fan, I remember a lot of games against Richmond when Ralph Garr played. It seemed as though every time he came to bat, he landed on base. Not only is Garr a great singles hitter, but as Henry Aaron said in the article, he is the fastest runner I have ever seen. The way he is playing now, I see no reason at all why he can't bat 400 or even 500 or 600 for that matter.

MARK BIGGOLD

Solvay, N.Y.

ANOTHER YONKERS VOICE

Sirs:

To put it as kindly as I can, your LETTER from the PUBLISHER (May 17) introducing Bud Greenspan's article on Clem McCarthy, *The Man Who Blew a Derby*, did me a disservice in that I am not even mentioned as having been a part of the Yonkers and WHN broadcasting team. For the record, Marty Glickman and I were the announcers at Yonkers Raceway starting with the second meeting in the track's history. This was in August of 1950. All in all, I was employed there for a total of 21 years, up to and including the winter meeting of 1970.

During that time, whenever Glickman was unavailable, I did the WHN broadcasts. Other radio broadcasts by me were over WNEP,

WOR and NBC's *Monitor*. Later we did a prime-time TV show, in which Glickman was the MC and I did the call of the races. These shows appeared, over various years, on Channels 5, 7, 9 and 11. The ratings on these shows, both radio and TV, were high. After Glickman's departure from the Yonkers scene, I was the No. 1 announcer there and continued to do radio broadcasts on a nightly basis.

In fairness, I should like to have you print this as a clarification of the true situation, announcingwise, at Yonkers Raceway. But don't get me wrong: I love SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

LOU O'NEILL
Sports Columnist
Long Island Press

Jamaica, N.Y.

PRELIMS

Sirs:

I disagree with your SCORECARD item, "Wilt Could Get Kilt" (May 3). If a boxing match should take place between Wilt Chamberlain and Muhammad Ali, I believe that Chamberlain would have the advantage. He is undoubtedly an incredibly strong man, and he most likely would pick up boxing quickly. As was proven in the Ali-Frazier bout, the stronger man or slugger has the advantage. It is unfortunate that Chamberlain and Ali will not have an opportunity to prove my point.

LAWRENCE MARKS

Newburgh, N.Y.

Sirs:

You mentioned me in connection with Wilt Chamberlain's ambitions as a prizefighter, but you gave the impression that my attempts at boxing were a total failure. This is far from true. Surely, my pursuit of a fighting career was short, but this was due to financial conditions and not to a lack of success in the ring. I fought some 10 or 11 times and lost only one match. The main reason for the loss was that I was rushed into my first match before I was conditioned well enough for the boxing ring. Having to raise \$125,000 a year to support the Paul Anderson Youth Home, I found that I did not have the additional finances to hire sparring partners and maintain a training camp.

Now that you are evaluating Mr. Chamberlain's abilities for the ring, possibly a bout should be arranged between Wilt and me to see what we as champions of different sports can do when testing our abilities with the gloves.

PAUL ANDERSON

Yadala, Ga.

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2. Separate entries are required for each month's drawing—June, July and August.

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4. Use a 3" x 5" piece of paper is used, be sure to print the names of the teams you have selected below your name and address.

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5. Winner(s) will be determined by random

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6. The Grand Prize in each of three months will be \$10,000 cash plus two baseball tickets to a major league game. All entries received by the indicated deadlines in Rule #1 will be eligible for the respective month's drawings whether or not the Hi/Lo scoring or Lo scoring teams are indicated on their entries. However, if both the Hi scoring team and Lo scoring team (or teams tied for these positions) during the calendar month are designated correctly on a Grand Prize winner's entry, the winner will receive a bonus prize of \$10,000 cash — a total cash prize of \$20,000. 200 other prizes of \$50 each will be awarded in each month's drawing. All winners will be notified by mail.

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